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G. D. H. Cole: Socialists and Communism

THE NEW

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Towards an Agonising Reappraisal

THIS week's meeting of the Nato powers is surrounded by more than the usual confusion and squabbling. For the first time since Nato's creation, western experts are seriously divided about its aims, its methods and its future. The disputes are not the result of inter-allied frictions: they spring from a growing realisation that Nato is an anachronism, a clumsy and embarrassing mastodon, which has survived from the icy days of the cold war.

For it is no longer possible to discount the signs of change: and one by one western leaders are beginning to admit it. Last month, M. Mollet appealed to the West to discard the military strait-jacket which encloses its thinking on international affairs. A week ago, Sir Anthony Eden affixed Britain's signature to a document which embodied the famous Five Principles of Coexistence. In doing so, he abandoned the sterile western position adopted at the Foreign Ministers' conference last autumn —that, in the absence of agreement on specific issues, a statement of general principles is "misleading and dangerous"—and accepted Russia's basic thesis that failure to agree on some problems does not exclude a progressive relaxation of tension elsewhere. Thus Britain and Russia have moved forward from the negative plane of the Summit conference—which merely rejected the suicidal prospect of an H-bomb war—on to the positive plane of active coexistence. The Russian leaders are now convinced of Britain's peaceful intentions; and we, for our part, have committed ourselves to the assumption that "collective leadership" has brought a change not so much in Russian tactics as in Russian intentions.

From this many and welcome consequences must follow. When M. Mollet visits Moscow this month, he will be able to reach a similar agreement without fearing the accusation of betraying the West. Next, by agreeing to leave on one side the question of German reunification, Britain has diminished Dr. Adenauer's ability to blackmail the West and greatly weakened the Bonn-Washington axis: henceforth the focus of world attention will inevitably drift away from the deadlock on the Elbe. Most important of all, however, Britain's initiative will precipitate the crisis of policy in Washington. The hour of the agonising reappraisal has at last arrived. If Mr. Dulles continues to interpret Russian diplomacy in cold war terms, he must face the fact that he is treading a road which ends in isolation. His only alternative is to endorse Sir Anthony's conclusions.

If he chooses the latter—and there is every reason to suppose that he will eventually do so—the consequences will be yet more fundamental. If America accepts the challenge of coexistence, it will not be enough merely to discard the old reflexes of fear and suspicion: something more positive will be required. Once the concept of Communist world conquest is abandoned, cold war institutions may become dangerous. The periphery of bases, the string of defence pacts, the puppet regimes, the strategic embargoes will then have to be evaluated not in military terms, but in terms of world opinion. For, as America will have to realise—her industrialists probably see it already—the West can achieve security in the era of peaceful competition only by a revision of cold war policies as imaginative as the new Soviet line.

In guiding America through these unfamiliar — indeed, unwelcome — waters, Britain will have a decisive role to play. Sir Anthony Eden has rightly seized upon the fact that our geographical position, which made us, during the cold war, so dependent on America, gives us added independence today. We are the fulcrum of the new system of power. "Through your friendship with the Americans," Mr. Bulganin told us last Friday, "you can help us towards good relations with them." The road to Washington leads through London; and there, again, the object, as in London, must be to establish the terms of co-existence.

Comments on the Week's News

Behind the Clichés

At the Soviet press conference, Mr. Bulganin called the Joint Statement, which he and Sir Anthony Eden had just signed, "a document of great political importance." Despite its clichés and generalisations, there is good reason to suppose that Mr. Bulganin was right, and that real progress was made during the talks on at least three specific points. First, Sir Anthony Eden is convinced of the seriousness of the Russian offers to increase their purchases of British manufactures. He announced in his TV report that two-thirds of their bulk proposals could be met without infringing the American embargoes, and he seems to have convinced the Soviet leaders that Britain also sincerely intends to work for their relaxation. Secondly, the talks on the Middle East convinced Sir Anthony that the Russians are genuinely anxious to relax Arab-Israeli tension; they are prepared to assist not only in Mr. Hammarskjold's first-aid efforts, but in a general U.N.-sponsored arms embargo. This would, presumably, cover the Baghdad Pact countries, but the Russians do not appear to have insisted on the actual dismantlement of the Pact itself as a precondition. Thirdly, some progress has been made on cultural and scientific exchanges: in particular, the Russians have, at least in principle, abandoned their opposition to an increase in *individual*, as opposed to group, visits. No progress was made on disarmament (though Sir Anthony was informed that Russia was now unilaterally disarming in conventional weapons), or on German reunification. Mr. Krushchev made it clear that Germany would have to remain divided for many years to come, and Sir Anthony did not press the point. He was also told—quite sharply—that Russia could not, by its very nature, cease to criticise British colonialism. Sir Anthony thus got a very clear idea of the subjects on which the Russians were prepared to negotiate and the subjects on which they were not. That in itself is sufficient justification both for the visit and for the privacy in which the official talks were held.

Strike at Standards

The strike of 12,000 men at the Standard motor works—which seems likely to gain official union support—follows immediately after the A.E.U. national committee adopted a new policy towards automation and any redundancy that may follow from new production techniques. In this case, the management does not seem sorry to force a showdown, and Mr. Dick, the managing director, has made it impossible for the men to reach an easy settlement by declaring that "we are not spending £4 millions on new tractor plant in order to employ the same number of men." Adopting the American method of "laying-off" men while new plant is being installed—the workers claim that, rather than put 3,500 men on the dole, short-time should have been spread over the whole labour force—Mr. Dick has made it clear that some of the men cannot expect to get their jobs back. Now, if British industry is to reap the benefits of automation, it is true that the extreme clauses of the new A.E.U. policy cannot and should not be enforced. We need labour mobility, not surplus staff carried as passengers, with an inalienable right to employment in a given firm. But this is a different matter. The A.E.U. rightly claims that there should be consultation between the unions, the employers and government representatives to ensure that automation is carried through efficiently and with the least possible hardship, and that there should be an effort to retrain the displaced men. Standards, however, have not sought to apply this policy, but have acted unilaterally. Whatever the outcome of this strike, it is bound to be only the first of many others as more firms introduce automated techniques. It is, therefore, urgent that the tripartite scheme suggested by the A.E.U. be introduced as rapidly as possible. The fullest benefits of automation can be reaped only in a socialised economy: in the meantime the unions have a right to insist on adequate safeguards for their members. This is not Luddism, but their elementary duty.

The B.O.A.C. Row

The criticism of the changes in B.O.A.C. has assumed scandalous proportions with the circulation to the press of an anonymous letter purporting to originate from a group of the Corporation's senior pilots. This letter—if genuine—goes far beyond the limits of decent controversy. There remain three pertinent criticisms of Mr. Watkinson's appointments. First the personalities: Mr. D'Erlanger has probably been done some injustice by his critics; but even so, the appointment of a chairman who has once been discredited and who is believed not to favour nationalisation is bound to have a bad effect on morale; while the posting of the elderly civil servant, Sir George Cribbett, as full-time deputy chairman is indefensible. Mr. Basil Smallpeice's appointment as chief executive is reasonable enough, though it is to be regretted that his experience is mainly financial rather than operational. Secondly comes the criticism of a part-time chairmanship. If the personalities were different, this criticism might not be valid. Indeed, a full-time—and operationally experienced—chief executive, working under a part-time chairman and deputy, is an arrangement which has much to commend it. In this case Sir George Cribbett's full-time appointment must weaken the position of both chairman and chief executive. Underlying the personal criticism, however, lies a more profound problem. Sir Miles Thomas and Mr. Whitney Straight, two of the ablest men in the world of aviation, have vanished and been replaced by men of much lower quality. Why? Is there some newly arisen difficulty about getting top-class men to serve? It has always been government policy that the airlines should buy British—thus providing a sort of subsidy to the war potential of the aircraft industry. But—the Viscount apart—that industry has not so far produced the planes which make commercially successful airline operation possible. Hence B.O.A.C.'s consistent predilection for Lockheed, Douglas and Boeing aircraft. Can it be that Mr. Watkinson is anxious to have at his command men more pliable than those who have built B.O.A.C. up—largely on American planes? This is an aspect of the problem on which Labour criticism should concentrate.

NEXT WEEK

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More Pay for Teachers

The new Burnham proposals go some way towards meeting the demands of the teachers; though they fall short of the scale demanded by the N.U.T. at its recent conference, they are probably as good as can be expected at this stage. Indeed, there appears to have been strong opposition from some local authorities even to the present proposals. For this reason, the teachers should accept the proposals, especially as no limit has now been set on the time the new scales are to run. In an inflation, the three-year rule meant that salaries for teachers always lagged far behind living costs, and that the unions had to accept a wage freeze willy-nilly. Now, if prices rise sharply, they are free to make a fresh claim. The new scales have also made some sensible adjustments—to improve the position of secondary modern teachers, and to increase the supplements for graduates and for head teachers—but in doing this they have spread out the annual increments, so that it will take a man seventeen years to reach his maximum. Thus promotion prospects have been improved, but slowed down. The teachers are bound to consider this as an interim award, even though it is fairly satisfactory. But it does not meet some of the larger problems about teachers' salaries, raised in the recent issue of the *Journal of Education*, nor, of course, does it do anything about the other issue on which teachers feel strongly—pensions for their widows and orphans.

Apartheid Exposed

The South African government has always claimed that *apartheid* is designed to secure justice for European and Non-European alike. It argues that, in South African circumstances, the only method of guaranteeing full rights of development to the Non-Europeans is to provide them with separate states in which they can all live with full opportunities in every aspect of life. Recently, the Tomlinson Commission, appointed by the government itself, published a comprehensive report which showed how much money would have to be spent to develop the African areas, not even to provide a basis of life for all Non-Europeans, but simply to reduce the number of Africans in European areas so that in 50 years they would not outnumber the Whites. The government's bluff has now been called. It is not prepared even to finance this limited objective. Its response to the Tomlinson recommendations is to accept their rejection of racial integration, but to declare that it is not prepared to provide the £104 million required over ten years to develop the African areas to this extent. So much for the sincerity of apartheid!

Common Roll for Uganda

Sir Andrew Cohen is taking a calculated risk in setting the date of direct elections in Uganda for 1961. It is true that many problems have to be overcome before effective elections can be organised. The idea of a Common Roll has to be sold to the three communities; franchise and candidature qualifications have to be agreed; registration has to be effected; the relations of the regions to the central government must be fixed;

safeguards for the representation of European and Asian minorities must be arranged. Nevertheless, the Governor and the Protectorate government are faced with the opposition of the African National Congress and similar African organisations. The Congress demands self-government now, while other parties, like the Progressive Party, consider 1961 as the target date for self-government. The Congress is frequently unstable, and certainly does not speak for the majority of the people. Particularly in Buganda, the weight of African traditionalism is opposed to it. Yet it is the only widely organised African political body and it can be expected to make the most of its nationalist appeal during the next five years. The danger is that it may attack the most important principle enunciated by Sir Andrew Cohen. For the first time in Uganda, the British government has accepted the objective of direct elections on a Common Roll. This is highly significant for the whole of multi-racial Africa. But it will be very difficult to reconcile nationalist ambitions, traditionalism and democratic aims and, above all, to divorce them from communal politics.

An Opposition in Burma

For the first time, there will be a serious opposition to the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League which has ruled Burma since she became an independent power in 1948. In the last parliament, an odd and disunited opposition held 33 seats. Now, after the second general election, the newly formed National United Front has won about 50 seats. Within the Front, the largest group is the Burmese Workers and Peasants Party, which is, in effect, the "overground" Communist Party. Even before all the election results are declared, the B.W.P.P. has appealed for a political consultative conference to discuss ways and means of ending the eight-year-old rebellion of the Communists and bringing them back into normal political life. It is significant that it was in rural areas where the government has failed to end the rebellion that it lost seats. But when generous offers of an amnesty were made a few weeks ago, the insurgents held out for negotiations before surrender and demanded the postponement of the general election. The government was not prepared to accept these terms and it is unlikely that it will change its attitude now, though the subject will be discussed in the new parliament. A.F.P.F.L. has an excellent record of widespread and varied constructive work to its credit. A solution of the insurgent problem would free its energies in building the country's economy. In the next five years the National United Front opposition can also play a very useful role, provided that its leaders do not allow it to be exploited merely as a vehicle for Communist propaganda.

Rich World, Poor People

In the world race between production and reproduction, the latter is still gaining, according to the *U.N. Demographic Year-Book*. By mid-1954 the global figures had reached 2,652 million, of which 55 per cent. were in Asia (excluding the U.S.S.R.). The continent having the slowest population growth was Europe. Between 1950 and 1954, North America increased at the rate of 1.6 per cent. and the U.S.S.R. by 1.5 per cent. This expansion, which is faster than at any previous period, is due to increased fertility and reduced mortality. The under-developed countries where the population increase is the most critical are not making progress at a rate sufficient to reduce the run-away leeway of the highly developed countries. As is shown by the report of the Colonial Development Corporation, the position of the primary producer countries is worsening. There is pressure on their markets from synthetic substitutes for the raw materials traditionally grown in the tropics, e.g., rubber, hemp, ramie, tung oil and leather. "The Corporation must assess," says the report, "what will be saleable in 10 to 20 years time, in competition with scientific ingenuity financed in industrial countries from capital chargeable before the assessment of profits." What this means is that money once available for private investment in overseas territories is now "ploughed back" before taxation into technological improvements and novel materials. Thus the under-developed countries, which need capital to create new industries and develop their resources, find that their indigenous products are being forced out by substitutes (in many cases better than the natural) which are helping to increase the rising standards of the technically developed countries.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Colombo

The New Government

A Special Correspondent writes: No garlands. No pandals. No drinks (the new Prime Minister served only kiribath—milk rice—at the first of his Wednesday press conferences last week). No imperial honours. And no foreign bases. At first sight this might seem a negative policy for the Ceylon government that was swept into power less than a month ago. This would be a totally wrong evaluation of Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike and his Cabinet. The truth is that this election felt like a long-delayed liberation. Calmly, with exemplary discipline and political maturity, the people of Ceylon demanded a change from the United National Party, from its corrupted administration, from its rumbustious leader, Sir John Kotelawala, the white-headed boy of Washington and London. Mr. Bandaranaike describes this liberation as not only a change of government "but in many ways an end of one era and the beginning of another by the peaceful exercise of the vote of the people."

This self-confidence, this transference of power from Whitehall and Buckingham Palace, is reflected in the Honours Committee which meets this week to select nominees for the first list of local honours. There will be no more imperial honours—they had always been identified with kowtowing to the British raj. And no one will get local honours merely by giving large donations to party funds. Legislation will be introduced shortly to make Sinhalese the only official language. This means that English (the present medium of administration) will be replaced by Sinhalese. The change-over will present certain difficulties, but the area of recruitment for the civil service will be greatly increased. While parity for Sinhalese and Tamil, as demanded by the Communists and a section of the Trotskyites, is unreasonable, the government will have to make certain safeguards for the use of Tamil. The Prime Minister said last week that this question of an official language was the most pressing problem "and once this is out of the way there will be good relations between the different communities."

Mr. Bandaranaike's government is not anti-British, but it will substitute co-existence for British monopoly in home, as well as in foreign, affairs. Take the pronouncement of the Minister of Industries and Fisheries. His first task, he says, is to find technicians from across the Iron Curtain, and not only from the West. Those who make an assessment of Ceylon's industrial resources, he adds, must be people who are not "motivated by the imperialist aim of impeding the industrialisation of hitherto colonial countries." This may infuriate local planters and the *Financial Times*, but it is in line with the policy of newly independent countries. The same desire to end a monopoly of western contacts is shown in the new Government's relations with China and the U.S.S.R. On the question of foreign aid, the Prime Minister has already expressed the hope that it will come not only from Britain and America, but from other countries too, "Soviet Russia and China not excluded." Two teachers have already been given passports to visit China and three trade unionists are in Peking for May Day celebrations.

The British bases at Katunayake and Trincomalee are a natural subject for review in a country which is not prepared to belong to any power blocs. By a fortunate coincidence, Lord Mountbatten was on a routine visit to Ceylon and attended the ceremonial opening of the new parliament. Describing him as one who "among all British leaders was pre-eminently qualified to understand such a point of view as Ceylon's," Mr. Bandaranaike suggested that there need not be difficulties in the way if Ceylon chooses to ask Britain to quit her bases there. This is one of the subjects which the new Prime Minister will discuss in London when he attends the Prime Ministers' Conference. Whether or not Ceylon will become a republic, in or out of the Commonwealth, is another.

This new Government has had an extremely good press in most Asian papers. Hitherto, Ceylon has seemed out of step with other Bandung powers, above all with her nearest neighbour—India. She is now able to play her role among the uncommitted countries of South-East Asia; and as far as India is concerned, Mr. Bandaranaike and Mr. Nehru will discuss their difficulties when they meet in London in June.

Westminster

Circumlocution on Restriction

Restrictive practices are things of which other people are guilty. If you are an industrialist, they are practised by fellow industrialists who supply you with your raw material at exorbitant prices, or by workers who refuse to work more than one of your looms at the same time. If you are a worker, they are practised by industrialists who keep up prices and keep down output to maintain their profits. Whatever you are, you are convinced that "something should be done about it."

The House of Commons is now trying to do something about the industrialist's side of these practices. The bill, which the government has introduced and which is lumbering through its committee stage on the floor of the House, goes considerably further than Labour's Act of 1948. But as, in the meantime, public opinion has been more fully aroused, this latest bill still seems to lag well behind the needs of the time.

I say "seems," because I am never sure for more than a day at a time what Mr. Peter Thorneycroft or Mr. Derek Walker Smith, for the Board of Trade, are really trying to do. Nor are they; for they persuasively use one set of

arguments on one clause and then, equally persuasively, use another set of contradictory arguments on a similar clause later on; and they keep altering the wording of the bill—"to clarify it," so they say.

Even more confused than the Ministers are the back-bench lawyers, for whom such a bill is parliamentary paradise. Every other phrase in the committee speeches begins with "In my submission" or "With respect," and each hostile interjection is answered with that ironic amenity of the Law Courts, "I am much obliged." Just as I am beginning to see what a clause really means, Mr. Hector Hughes, Q.C., jumps up to explain it all over again. Then Mr. Turner Samuels, Q.C., jumps up to explain Mr. Hughes and at the end of that I do not know the difference between black and white.

Perhaps this does not matter much, because so many of the issues involved in the bill are neither black nor white, but grey. The maintenance of prices by artificial means seems an anti-social practice. Yet in the past, where no price agreements have existed, one or two large producers have deliberately cut their prices and sold for a time at a loss until their competitors have been driven from business. Then the large producers, with virtually a monopoly, have been able to charge what they liked. That is certainly anti-social and price maintenance agreements have helped to prevent it.

Another aspect of the same thing is the position of booksellers who work an agreement not to sell a new book below the price stated on the jacket. If the bill makes such an agreement illegal, many booksellers may be put out of business. For big stores, in the hope of attracting customers for their main lines, might offer a sideline of books at cut prices. I cannot believe that it would be a social act to drive the majority of genuine booksellers out of business and, later, drive publishers after them.

Nor, of course, does the government. So its bill has provisions for exempting many types of agreements—so many provisions, in fact, that the opposition feel that undesirable as well as desirable agreements will slip through the net. All this adds to the bill's complexity. But the confusions of M.P.s are likely to be trivial compared with the complexities which others will suffer when the bill becomes law. Every trade agreement will have to be registered and thereafter examined by a specially constituted court to see whether it is contrary to the public interest. The time and money needed for all this will be considerable.

Even more considerable will be the ingenuity exercised by company lawyers in the future to draw agreements which will pass muster before the court and yet provide the industrialist with everything he wants. Indeed, there is some danger that as a result of this bill part of the legal profession may go the way of part of the accountancy profession and spend its time finding ways of getting round the intention of parliament. This suggests to me that, though legislation may correct some of the abuses at present inflicted on the community by monopolies and by private trade agreements, it will not root out the source of the evil; that, indeed, so long as industry continues mainly in private hands and profit continues to be the main spur of enterprise, anti-social restrictive practices by industry will inevitably continue whatever parliament says. Yet, in a sense, the restrictive practices of industrialists are less difficult to stop than the restrictive practices of workers.

As yet, the House of Commons, while beginning with great circumspection and even greater circumlocution, to stalk the restrictive-practising industrialist, is pretending that the restrictive-practising worker is not our business, or even does not exist. I do not suppose that we can maintain our judicial ignorance for long; but I shall be surprised if, once we do recognise the facts of life, we show great eagerness to make the changes in society without which our problems will remain unsolved.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Paris

The Tragedy of Ferhat Abbas

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The most important news in Paris this week is the stand taken by the leaders of the *Union Démocratique du Manifeste Algérien*. I know Ferhat Abbas and Dr. Ahmed Francis, who went with him to Cairo, and the party's Associate Secretary-General, Maître Boumendjel, is a personal friend. I have thus followed their political evolution throughout the development of the Algerian crisis. As in the other North African territories, the Algerian nationalists are split into two groups: the Panislamics, who are closely linked with the Arab League, and the pro-Europeans, oriented towards France and above all to the French Socialists. In Tunisia, for example, the split has been personalised in the conflict between Bourguiba and Salah Ben Youssef. In Algeria, where the Arab bourgeois intelligentsia is relatively weaker, Ferhat Abbas has been almost alone in striving for a secular state, on western lines, which would guarantee equal rights to all its inhabitants, whatever their race or religion. Under Vichy, he and Boumendjel were the only Arab leaders who opposed the new anti-semitic laws. They constituted, in fact, the natural allies of the French Left in Algeria. In the circumstances, then, their treatment by the French—and above all by the French Socialists—has been shameful and blind.

Ferhat Abbas—a chemist who is married to a Frenchwoman—was elected to the Constituent Assembly. From 1946 onwards, he warned that only the creation of an Algerian republic—which he insisted should remain within the French Union—could avert an eventual conflict. By way of reply, the French administration arranged for his electoral defeat by a more complaisant *beni-oui-oui* (who was, it happens, illiterate). Nevertheless, Ferhat Abbas refused to join the extremists, and continued to urge his point of view, both in the Algerian Assembly and to individual Frenchmen such as Mendès-France and Jacques Soustelle.

Last time I saw Abbas, the Republican Front had just formed a government and adopted Robert Lacoste's policy of total war. In an interview with the Tunisian newspaper *Action*, Ferhat Abbas frankly admitted that he and his friends had been swept aside by events and could no longer claim to negotiate with France in the name of the Algerian people. Nevertheless, in his own name and in the name of his party, he begged the government to make at least a gesture of appeasement by staying the execution of those condemned under the State of Urgency and breaking up the concentration camps. Armed with a bulky dossier, he asked for an interview with Guy Mollet. Six days went by: Ferhat Abbas was invariably informed that the Prime Minister was too busy to receive him. On the seventh day, he telephoned himself to announce that he no longer had anything to say. From that date on, the voyage to Cairo became inevitable: subsequent events in Algeria merely made it take place sooner. Today, beneath all the Cairo proclamations of the National Liberation Front—which begin "In the name of the All-Powerful God and his Prophet"—can be found the signature of Ferhat Abbas. M. Lacoste has not succeeded in pacifying Algeria: he has succeeded only in reuniting his enemies.

Socialists and Communism

"SOCIALISM and Communism have nothing in common." These are the opening words of a statement issued last month by the Bureau of the Socialist International. What nonsense they are! Indeed, what nonsense even those who approved the statement must know them to be! I do not dispute that there are immense and deep differences between the doctrines upheld by the Social Democratic and Labour Parties which form the Socialist International and those upheld by the Communist Parties which until only the other day were united in the Cominform. But even between these two groups—neither of which can be completely identified with "Socialism" or "Communism"—it is sheer nonsense to say that there is *nothing* in common. The differences between them may be wide and deep enough to stand formidably in the way of co-operation; but, even so, there are beyond question many ideas that are common to both. Fully as much as Roman Catholics and Protestants and Orthodox have in common that they are all Christian churches, Social Democrats and Communists of the late Cominform brand, and also Yugoslav Communists, Nenni Socialists in Italy, and the Socialists of the Asian International are all Socialists, albeit of different kinds, and with different traditions.

What have they in common? First and most obviously, the belief that the essential instruments of production ought to be collectively owned and used in the service of the whole society and its people and for furthering the common interests of all the peoples of the world. They are all against capitalism—that is, against private exploitation of the world's resources, and of those who work upon them, for the pursuit of private profit. They may hold varying views about the most appropriate forms of collective or social ownership; but this is not an issue on which a sharp line can be drawn between Communist and Socialist views. It is not a matter on which Social Democrats are in full agreement, or on which there is a single, uniform Communist dogma applicable to all countries or to all branches of production or service.

Secondly, Communists and Socialists agree in seeking to establish for all peoples some sort of "welfare" state or society, in which great attention is paid to providing the widest possible social and educational opportunities, a high degree of economic security, adequate conditions of living for children and old people as well as for the working producers, good and generally available health services, and a host of other social services resting on a recognition of basic human claims. Here again, there is no sharp line between Communists and Social Democrats: there are differences in what is done and advocated under different conditions from one country to another; but there is no difference of fundamental principle in this wide field of social action.

Thirdly, it is a matter of agreement between Communists and Social Democrats that no one sound in body and mind has any good claim to live on the product of other men's labour, without

contributing a fair quota of his own, and that accordingly the forms of unearned income which allow this ought to be swept away. There are differences concerning the means of bringing this about, and the speed at which it should be done; but there is, I think, no difference concerning the end in view; though there are differences both between Communists and Social Democrats and also within both groups about the extent of economic inequality that is consistent with Socialist principles.

Fourthly, Social Democrats and Communists are at one in believing that the main responsibility for the building of the new society rests on the working-class, and that the organised working-class movement must supply the main driving force for its achievement. There are, indeed, deep differences about the ways in which the workers should organise themselves for this purpose, and about the methods they should use in order to carry off the victory. But there is a common belief in the creative function of the working class and about its historic mission to create the conditions requisite for a classless society.

These are four very large and important points of agreement between Socialists and Communists of every sort and kind, and they are so plain that it is evidently ridiculous to ignore them. Indeed, the leaders of the Socialist International cannot possibly be taken as meaning what they say: what they do mean is that, despite all that various forms of Socialism and Communism have in common, their points of difference with the "Cominform" parties are so deep and so important as to render any co-operation impossible.

Is this really the case? And, if it is, where is the line to be drawn? Are the Yugoslav Communists to be put beyond the pale because they are Communists, though their deviations have been most vehemently denounced by the Cominform leaders—at any rate until the quite recent, post-Stalin change of front? Are the Chinese Communists, or only those of the Soviet Union and its satellites, held to be untouchable? What is to be said about the major Italian Socialist party, headed by Nenni, which has co-operated with the Italian Communists, but has never accepted Communism? What of the Asian Socialists who mistrust the Socialist International as failing to show a sufficient hostility to colonialism and imperialism? Are they, too, to be ostracised? And finally, what of the miscellaneous Socialist or Communist groups that are usually dubbed "Trotskyites," and are certainly no friends to the Communism practised in the Soviet Union? Are they, too, beyond the pale, and, if so, is it because they are Communists, or rather because they are a nuisance to the main organisations of both Communism and Social Democracy?

These questions are not easy to answer, as they no doubt would be if there were really two utterly different doctrines—Socialism and Communism—each offering a coherent body of opinion plainly and completely different from the other's. This, however, is not the situation with which we are actually faced. Social Democrats and Communists do differ deeply, in ways that involve strong emotions as well as conflicting arguments; but they do not differ entirely—only in certain very important respects.

In the Socialist International's recent statement, as in the once-famous declaration of the Second International in 1919, great emphasis is put on the inseparable connection between Socialism and democracy. "We believe in democracy," says the statement, "they do not." What is this "democracy," which is thus proclaimed to be the impassable dividing line? The statement does not say: it only adds that "without freedom there can be no Socialism," and that "Socialism can be achieved only through democracy." It is, however, I think clear that "democracy" in this context means a parliamentary system based on something near universal suffrage and rendering possible the advance to Socialism by legislative and executive action through a parliament so chosen and through an executive government responsible to parliament. These, I agree, are institutions of high importance, and can be used, where they exist and are deeply rooted in the popular consciousness, as instruments for the advance towards Socialism and, potentially, as means of arriving at a Socialist society.

But what are Socialists expected to do where such instruments either do not exist at all, or fall a long way short of being usable to bring about fundamental social change? Is it their task, in such circumstances, to devote all their energies to agitating for a democratic system of responsible parliamentary government and to postpone all attempt to establish Socialism until they have succeeded in establishing such a system and in winning over a majority of electors and representatives to the Socialist cause? What are they to do if, when they attempt such agitation, they are put in prison, or even executed, and their organisations broken up and proscribed? What are they to do if the road to democracy is effectively barred by the ruling classes? Are they not justified, *in such circumstances*, in making a revolution and using it to establish not only democracy, as far as it is possible, but Socialism as well? And, if they do make a revolution in a society that has never experienced parliamentary government or any sort of democracy, is it to be expected that they will be able, on the morrow of the revolution, suddenly to establish a fully democratic parliamentary system, whereas it has taken the most advanced countries centuries of effort to achieve much less than this? It is nonsense to lay down, for all the world, either that parliamentary democracy is the *only* road to Socialism or that, where the means of advance towards Socialism have been made open only by revolution, the victors in the revolution must at once set up a complete system of parliamentary democracy whether or not the people are ready for such a system.

Yet this is what the Socialist International appears to be calling on Socialists all over the world to do. I agree with it in disliking intensely the forms of one-party dictatorship that have been adopted in the Soviet Union and in countries that have followed the Soviet road and in condemning, not merely the excesses of Stalinism, but also the whole apparatus of Communist dictatorship, with its silencing of free expression of conflicting opinions and its treatment of every divergence from the "party line" as treason calling for condign punishment. I agree that such methods poison Socialism and are deeply demoralising to those who use them or are drawn into participation in their use. I agree that terrible, horrible things have been done in the name of Socialism by those who have exalted such practices into virtues, and that it is necessary to call upon those who have been responsible for such doings to renounce them, and to amend their ways. But, I am conscious of the enormous difficulties which have confronted the would-be builders of Socialism in such countries as Russia and China: I am not prepared to put such persons, or their parties, beyond the pale, or to refuse to admit that they had valid reasons for not following the parliamentary-democratic way, though I none the less take strong objection, on moral grounds as well as on grounds of Socialist expediency, to a great deal that they have done.

Thus, I do not see how the Russians could have made their revolution at all, or upheld it against counter-revolution and foreign intervention, without resorting to largely dictatorial methods. What is called "War Communism" was, for the most part, an unavoidable consequence of civil war and foreign attempts to destroy the revolution. But, when the fighting was over, an attempt could have been made, and was not made, to restore free speech, to allow a resumption, even if gradual, of party activities, especially by rival Socialist groups, and to enlist

the free co-operation of those who were prepared to serve the new Russia and to refrain from counter-revolutionary attempts. The rot set in when, instead of advancing, even cautiously, in this direction, the Bolsheviks both substituted the rule of their party for that of the Soviets and, within the party, allowed democracy to be replaced by "monolithic" control by a narrow group of leaders, thus opening the road to Stalin's personal dictatorship through his control of the party machine.

This fundamentally wrong course arose out of the doctrine of Lenin himself. For Lenin, who directed his entire thought to the means of making the revolution rather than to what would need doing after it, was the begetter of the whole concept of party dictatorship, though not of its subsequent perversion under Stalin's influence. Lenin did at least believe in free discussion within the party, until a decision had been reached—not in the imposition of policy from above upon the party, which would then impose it on everyone else. I am opposed to Lenin's conception of dictatorship, as well as to Stalin's. But there is a real difference. A good deal of what Lenin insisted on was unavoidable under the conditions of war and civil war: what Stalin and his chief collaborators—many of whom he subsequently liquidated—set out to do was wrong in any circumstances.

That is why I regard the recent repudiation of "Stalinism" as involving much more than a mere rejection of the "cult of personality," and see it as leading on, whether its sponsors wish or not, towards a return to democracy both within the Communist Party and, presently, over a much wider field. I do not, however, see it as necessarily leading to the institution of parliamentary government on the western model. I do not think that parliaments are necessarily superior to Soviets, or *vice versa*. There is more than one possible model of democratic government, and the type that is to be preferred depends on the historic experience and tradition of the people who are to accept it as their way of political life. There are, however, certain conditions that any humanly satisfactory system must be designed to meet.

It must allow wide freedom for the expression of divergent opinions, within limits that are bound to exist in any society and will vary according to the situation: it must allow freedom to organise for the furtherance of such opinions, within similar limits; and these freedoms must include personal security for those who advocate the various opinions against arbitrary arrest or liquidation. To this extent, it is true that "without freedom there can be no Socialism," or rather no Socialism it is legitimate to pursue, though in conditions of war, civil or international, or of immediate danger of war, the limits will unavoidably be narrower than in conditions of peace and relative security.

Thus, in the present situation, I not only welcome the signs of some appreciation of past misdeeds on the part of the leaders in the Soviet Union and other Communist countries, but also believe that Social Democrats must get ready to hold out the hand of friendship to men with whom, despite all their differences, they do have a great deal in common. I do not suggest that the time has come for "Cominform" Communists and Social Democrats to sink their differences; but I do hold (1) that it is time for friendly discussion between the parties of the Socialist International and such bodies as the Yugoslav Communists, the Nenni Socialists, and the Asian and African anti-imperialists, and (2) it is time, too, for the Social Democratic parties to ask themselves seriously whether they are doing their utmost to establish Socialism in their own countries, and if not, why not.

I also believe the time has come for individual Socialists and Communists to begin talking one with another, very seriously and with the least possible mutual recrimination, about the issues that divide them, in the hope that they may, even if only in the long run, succeed in building on what is agreed between them a basis for reuniting the world working-class movement for a common struggle against capitalism, imperialism and reaction. For, finally, what nonsense it is to suppose that a Socialist world can be built by Socialists (including Communists) who spend more time and energy in denouncing one another than in combating their common enemies!

G. D. H. COLE

Mr. Kurchatov at Harwell

IF the destructive power of the H-bomb can be controlled and harnessed to industrial and domestic purposes the world will possess power unlimited. That was why Academician I. V. Kurchatov's disclosures to the British atomic scientists at Harwell were so significant. The Russians are on the threshold of controlling H-energy for peaceful uses and have discarded secrecy to tell the scientists of the world about the experiments which they have carried out and the principles which they are following. Nor have they made a condition that there should be reciprocal disclosure—though four-fifths of what he told his British colleagues would have been classified as top-secret by British security. What Dr. B. F. Schonland, the Deputy Director at Harwell, described as "very beautiful experiments" can now be reproduced in our laboratories. The Russian experience will supplement the work which is already being done at Harwell, unsnarl some of the difficulties and advance the techniques. It is generally believed that the British have been working on similar, as well as different, lines. What those lines are cannot be revealed because they are secret. A number of pure-research papers from Harwell have, however, been declassified, and Mr. Kurchatov, with scientific rectitude, duly acknowledged the works of I. D. Kraggs, S. W. Cousins and A. A. Ware. He also paid a graceful tribute to Lord Rutherford, not only as the pioneer of atomic research, but for a specific contribution to the problem—his investigations of the atoms of heavy-hydrogen:

> It was difficult to suspect then [20 years ago] that the new facts discovered by Lord Rutherford would make more realistic our hope of mastering energy sources which up to now have existed only in the hot, remote parts of the sun and the distant stars which shine upon us.

The circumstances of the delivery of the lecture are significant. Mr. Kurchatov was one of the elect who accompanied Bulganin and Krushchev—a measure of his standing in the U.S.S.R.—and he had previously, in correspondence with the Associated Press correspondent in Moscow, expressed his hope that he could secure British co-operation in the extension of research into the peaceful uses of thermo-nuclear energy. But, other than that, no official approaches were made in advance and it was only after his arrival that he suggested that he should address his fellow-physicists at Harwell. The meeting was arranged at a few hours notice and many distinguished academics who were invited could not attend.

The three hundred scientists who did attend did not know in advance what Kurchatov was going to talk about, and the thermo-nuclear disclosures were unexpected. He gave, in fact, two addresses. The first was on "Some Aspects of Atomic Power Development in the U.S.S.R." This followed lines which were fairly familiar, since the Russians had discussed most of them at last year's atomic energy conference at Geneva. By 1960 they expect to have in commission atomic-power stations producing 200,000 kilowatts—a target which the British programme does not plan to achieve before 1965. Apart from conventional-type reactors, they are constructing a water-moderated reactor, a homogeneous heavy-water reactor, a graphite-sodium cooled reactor and a breeder reactor. There is nothing untoward in any of those ideas; but they do indicate the variety of Soviet experience and ambitions. Mr. Kurchatov also disclosed in conversation that the first sea-borne atomic-reactor (which might be called the Russian equivalent of the U.S. atom-powered submarine) will be an ice-breaker, to be used in maintaining the North-east passage through the Arctic, and that this will be in commission by 1958.

The second address was on "The Possibility of Producing Thermo-nuclear Reactions in a Gas-discharge." This was what excited the scientists. Before the Geneva conference last August, the general belief was that H-energy could not be released except in devastating volume. The reason was that to "fuse" hydrogen atoms into helium, enormous temperatures are required—temperatures like those in the heart of the sun—and that the only man-made temperatures of this order were those produced in the instant of the explosion of an A-bomb. But Professor Bhabha, of India, the president of the conference, was the first to shatter the reticence which had created this impression when he suggested that fusion energy for peaceful purposes could be achieved—"perhaps within 20 years." The British delegation then had to admit that Britain was already working on this problem. The American delegates were embarrassed: they could not afford to appear backward and yet could not reveal any of their work. The Russians stayed mum.

Their answer has come unequivocally from Mr. Kurchatov at Harwell: the experiments he described had been conducted intensively since 1952. The technique they had employed was to pass terrific currents through gas-discharge tubes, using various mixtures—deuterium-helium, deuterium-argon and deuterium-xenon. They had reached, in this way, temperatures of a million degrees centigrade, the threshold of fusion. The problem is to maintain the intensity of the heat during the fusion process. Details were given of the experiments and principles involved, and of the use of the pulse method—in which spurts of current spark off a nuclear reaction.

On an experimental scale, the evidence of thermo-nuclear reaction would be, not an explosion, but a measurable release of neutrons. Neutrons have, in fact, been released; but repeated experiments suggest that this was not due to fusion, but to an entirely unexpected and scientifically novel effect. It may, however, also be of practical importance. Neutrons are required to produce the chain-reaction in the fission process, and this now depends on uranium sources; but if the release of neutrons from discharge-tube gases can be developed, it might be possible to create a source of neutrons other than uranium and to use them to convert, say, thorium into a fissionable, chain-reacting fuel.

The Kurchatov address was delivered with meticulous scientific detail and was supplemented by blackboard evidence and by a translation in English, with pictures and diagrams. Mr. Kurchatov was closely questioned by his scientific peers and responded with an eagerness and apparent freedom. He obviously enjoyed himself and made full use of his opportunity of free exchanges with the British scientists. He made it plain that the problems of fusion-power are not yet fully solved: far greater temperatures still have to be achieved. Even so, British scientists regard his candour as a special sign of grace. The Russians might so easily have gone on in isolation and eventually have achieved the fusion-process by themselves.

Naturally, the Russian motives will be questioned and political implications will be sought. But those who heard Kurchatov did not apparently doubt that this was a reversion to free scientific exchange. And one-way, too. The British have not reciprocated by declassifying the work which is being done here; and, until the McMahon Act is modified or revoked, the Americans cannot by law disclose similar information. All that Kurchatov asked in return was whether some of his younger colleagues could come to Harwell to do post-graduate research. He was told: No—because some of Harwell's work is military. But later this year a party representing the Royal Society is going to Russia and they, it is now suggested, may offer nuclear research facilities for Soviet students in British universities.

RITCHIE CALDER

London Diary

WE are not even yet at the end of that dinner. The story is quite absurd. The occasion was supposed to be confidential, but official Russian and Transport House shorthand writers worked hard throughout, and so did more than one Labour representative present. So many leaks appeared in the press next day that almost everyone felt more or less free to gossip. As a result, any newspaper which took the trouble could have published, if it wished, a full summary, including important verbatim passages from Bulganin's diplomatic and Krushchev's very undiplomatic speech. This journal, for instance, decided not to publish a full account last week, because to do so still seemed to be breaking confidence. Even now, with the *Daily Express* compiling its own fairly full version and Alf Robens telling TV viewers that the Labour Party may still publish an official text, there is considerable doubt about both the ethics and the wisdom of publication. For I understand that Gaitskell and the others who called on the Soviet leaders to patch things up and say goodbye, agreed not to publish unless they were compelled to do so by further leakages in the U.S.S.R. B. & K. replied that they would say nothing that went beyond what was already known. They have kept their word about this. So much is now being revealed, however, that I should have thought the right procedure was to publish an agreed Anglo-Soviet text.

* * *

The Prime Minister's stock has bounced right up with the Russian visit. He has understood the simple fact that if war is ruled out between big powers then an understanding (even if only what this journal has often called an agreement to disagree), has to be found. This is understood by his own party, except for the right wing, as always, represented by the *Daily Telegraph*, which every now and then reminds us that somewhere inside it there still lurks the undigested corpse of the *Morning Post*. The other dissentients are those Labour Party leaders who allow ideology, embittered by many years of unscrupulous Communist attack at home, to distort their judgment. The Socialist International resolution, quoted by G. D. H. Cole elsewhere in this issue, includes a series of sentences about Communism as the enemy, which may well have been in Krushchev's mind when he said during the Labour Party dinner that he and Bulganin were not willing to act as agents to obtain the release from jail of "the enemies of the working class." It was a lamentable remark, recalling slanging matches between Lenin and Kautsky and many other comradely differences of opinion.

* * *

Surely the best way to help Socialists or other wrongly imprisoned people was to explain privately to Bulganin how much we welcomed the amnesties and jail deliveries that were already taking place in Poland and other countries behind the Iron Curtain, and point out that the absence of the rule of law and the arbitrary imprisonment of political opponents in Communist countries were major stumbling blocks to any understanding. This, I believe, is exactly what Sir Anthony Eden in fact did on behalf of those who have been imprisoned for religious reasons. It is not clear to me how the Labour Party leaders could really have hoped to do any good by openly presenting a list to B. & K. If B. & K. had accepted the list there would certainly be little hope of those mentioned in it being released, since the heads of a great state are not likely to run the risk of seeing it printed in the world's press that named individuals have been released from prison at the request of a foreign political party. Of course the Tory press is piling up electoral ammunition out of this display of Labour ineptitude. It argues that since any British Government must seek agreement with Russia, Labour is now unfit to govern. Alfred Robens answers, very properly, that ideological differences out of office do not prevent agreement between governments. True enough, but how embarrassing that this Socialist International resolution, as well as recent remarks by Labour leaders, seem to deny the possibility of the agreement which everyone admits is now essential!

* * *

The airstrip in Khatmandu could only park twenty of the sixty Dakotas which flew in V.I.P.s for the crowning of King Mahendra Bur Bikram Shah Deva this week. For the rest, a queue of planes made the most spectacular of all mountain flights—over the Himalayas to Patna, the nearest strip, an hour away. When the King's father was crowned, the British Resident was the only foreign representative in the country. Today, seventeen countries have sent representatives to the coronation. Nepal, in short, is coming out of an isolation almost as complete as Tibet's. A few years ago the British regarded Nepal as their private preserve for Gurkhas and tigers. During the last century Nepalese kings have been the prisoners of the feudal Rana family, which had kept them entertained but powerless. The new king's grandfather followed Solomon in having 500 wives. In 1950 the present king's father, with the co-operation of Nepalese revolutionaries, escaped one day from his palace and sought asylum with the Indian Ambassador; this was a prearranged signal for an attack on the Rana regime. The revolution accomplished much less than was hoped, mainly because of personal conflicts amongst its leaders. Just before the late king died he invested full powers in the Crown Prince Mahendra. This young king likes power and works hard to keep it. Unlike his predecessors, he is to be found late at night working on administrative detail. The present Cabinet consists mainly of his personal advisers. Will he be prepared when the time comes—October, 1957, is suggested—for Nepal's first election? Political organisations are already in the field; the Nepali Congress recently published its manifesto (of 25,000 words), and the Communist Party, banned since 1952, became legal a few weeks ago. Its first pronouncement was that it would act constitutionally and accept King Mahendra.

* * *

How good to learn that Walter Lippmann's famous column, hitherto usually only available to British readers in the European edition of the *Herald Tribune*, is now to appear regularly in the *Manchester Guardian*! No more suitable paper could have been found—though on many issues such as the rearming of Western Germany, the conduct of the Korean war, Formosan follies, and the containment of Communism by pacts, Lippmann has been throughout the years much more close to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION than to the *Manchester Guardian*. Today, when American policy is making a sharp shift in our direction, Lippmann's detached clarity will help educate British opinion.

* * *

Everyone—or almost everyone—seems to be agreeing on the importance of cultural exchanges. But no one in this country seems to have thought of making provisions for entertaining the cultural envoys when they arrive. Jean Vilar and his *Théâtre National Populaire* are just finishing a triumphant three weeks' season at the Palace. You would suppose, wouldn't you, that he and his company had been given a number of official receptions, by the Foreign Office, say, or the Arts Council, the British Council, the Old Vic and such bodies. But no. It was left to a small impoverished body, the International Theatre Institute, to give the only official luncheon in his honour. It was an occasion which did credit to the admirable intentions of this body. The luncheon, a subscription luncheon, was packed; it was graced with the presence of Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier; M. Vilar evidently enjoyed the bombardment he was subjected to when questions were called for. Let us hope that he thought it a compliment to be given in the country of its origin that famous *assiette anglaise* which the French imagine to be our staple diet.

* * *

A special number of the *N.S. & N.* to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the marriage of the two papers seems essential. What is the right way to celebrate your silver wedding? You can send telegrams to all your friends (and enemies), knowing that you will get back a lot of flowery congratulations, mixed, no doubt, with some that are rude. Or you can hold a family party with a great deal of self-trumpet-blowing. In next week's enlarged issue we are trying to avoid both these alternatives by choosing writers who have had long associations with the papers but who are not now on the staff. Thus contributors include Leonard Woolf, who writes about the contrasting atmospheres of *The Nation* and of the *New Statesman*, for both of which he wrote before they amalgamated. J. B. Priestley avoids solemnity in an appreciation called "Thoughts on the Staggers and Naggers;" and R. H. S. Crossman, surveying us from his recent elevation to the *Daily Mirror*, discusses our influence on the political education of our time. Vicky's contribution will appear (in two colours) on the front of the paper. It will in several ways be an unconventional issue; it happens to be number 1313 of the joint paper.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A public house licensee told Bedford Bankruptcy Court yesterday that since he was made bankrupt the business had grown considerably because people came to see what a bankrupt looked like.—*Daily Express.* (J. M. Pearson.)

Mr. McCarthy told me that the 4,500 workers at Harwell were "very unexcited" about the Russian leaders' visit, and this was borne out by the quiet reception. "You should have been here two weeks ago when Princess Margaret came to see us," he added. "That was really something." He added that 90 per cent of the union members at Harwell were "true royalists at heart."—*Manchester Guardian.* (K. T. Mackenzie.)

I saw two good-looking Teddy-boys the other day wearing pigtails. The general opinion was that they had revived a beautiful old fashion and looked very smart.—Letter in *Daily Herald.* (G. S. Burton.)

Mieczyszaw Szkadun, a Pole, otherwise Michael Anderson, aged 45, joiner, of Trowbridge Way, North Kenton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, said at Newcastle yesterday that he set up an apparatus to distil spirits in his home for Christmas because his English wife told him "this is a free country."—*The Times.* (P. M. C. Denby.)

The New Revolution in Poland

THE five days I have just spent in Warsaw were my first visit to eastern Europe since I flew to Prague with George Wigg in February, 1948. On that occasion we were representing the Labour Party at the funeral of Jan Masaryk. We arrived just in time to see the Iron Curtain rung down. We were also lucky enough to hear the story of the Communist *coup d'état* from the lips of two of its chief participants, Rudolph Slansky and Otto Katz. A few years later they both fell victim to the cold war. They were publicly tried and executed on the charge of conspiracy with western agents—including Wigg and myself.

Eight years later I was lucky again. An invitation to give a lecture to the Polish Institute of International Affairs landed me in Warsaw at the precise moment when the Iron Curtain was being rung up and "western collaborators" were released in their thousands. I speak no Polish, and what I saw and heard was severely limited. But it was enough to make me accept as a sober judgment a remark made to me by a leading Polish Communist within a few hours of my arrival. "1945 was our first revolution," he said to me, in the hearing of a number of his colleagues. "This is our second revolution; and this time we believe it will go right."

Was I being gullible to believe that extraordinary assertion? During the cold war I had come to accept as self-evident that any Communist state must be a totalitarian dictatorship, in which personal freedom is impossible. Yet for five days and for most of five nights I talked to Polish Communists and Socialists in an atmosphere of exultant release. It is not simply that these Polish intellectuals talked freely to me. That, I am told, they always did with western visitors, even at the worst period of the cold war. What impressed me was that they talked freely with each other—and did so with a good conscience.

The full extent of this new freedom I discovered when I spent an afternoon in Warsaw University. Some 60 of us, students and professors, sat down together, and I started by asking what the end of the cult of personality means in university life. A spectacled second-year student spoke up, in English. "My studies of English are being frustrated," he said. "I have to spend as many hours listening to boring lectures on Marxism as I do in studying English literature. Why should I, a Pole, be dosed with the history of the Russian Labour movement, which I have learnt already at school? . . . We are determined to change all that in our faculty and to study English literature seriously."

At this point I interrupted his flow. "Your views seem rather extreme," I said. "Is there anyone here who has a less violent attitude?" There was a long pause and then a first-year student from the far end spoke up. "My year intends to stage a revolution against compulsory lectures on Marxism," he said. "My own desire is to make an objective comparison between Russian Communism and western social democracy. But I cannot get all the books. Of course, I have seen your contribution to *Fabian Essays*, which have been translated into Polish, and I was interested to read what Gaitskell had to say about planning in that long essay. But I want to see more of the original sources." Again I interrupted. "But surely the true comparison is between empirical and dogmatic Marxism," I rashly observed, and at once a girl student intervened. "Are you implying," she said severely, "that you are an empirical Marxist? From what I have read in the NEW STATESMAN, you have no right whatsoever to that title." And she made it clear to me that, in her view, although Marxist dogma may have been overdone in Poland, the British Labour Party is a pretty ineffective instrument of social revolution.

I have described this incident at length because it epitomises the spirit I met everywhere—a vivid reaction against the abuse of power, combined with acceptance of the revolution of 1945; a keen pleasure that western ideas and contacts are no longer treasonable, combined with a cool, well-informed critique of western policies. I met this spirit again when I spent an afternoon with a group of architects. They were in full revolt against the pompous, impractical style of building which has defaced the new Warsaw, and they were determined, as one of them put it to me, that "the men who smashed up the car should not be given the job of repairing the damage." But their disgust at Stalinoid architecture had not turned them against Russia. Discussing foreign policy at a meeting of writers and journalists, I got the same impression. In the light of Krushchev's revelations, they are having to do some very radical re-thinking about the causes of cold war. Stalin, I was told by one of them, was trying to destroy Communism everywhere. And another remarked that the rearmament programme imposed in 1951 had nearly stifled the revolution in Poland.

Yet the fact that the new men in the Kremlin themselves exposed the villainy of Stalin has prevented any swing of opinion against Russia. On the contrary, these intellectuals, who staked everything on the Russian alliance (and suppressed their protests during the Stalin era), now feel that their faith in the Soviet Union has been miraculously justified. I observed, by the way, that the Krushchev speech (a copy of which is in the top drawer of every Communist's desk) had its biggest effect among the inner *élite*. The Socialists and non-party people had always made reservations and so merely felt relieved to have them confirmed. The loyal Communist was shattered, and the more uncritical his faith had been, the greater his readiness to criticise today. So every Pole is now exercising the traditional Polish right of protest and denunciation, in the blithe confidence that this is in accordance with the requirements of the revolution.

But is that confidence justified? The new party secretary, Mr. Ochab, who took over when Bierut died suddenly in Moscow during the 20th Congress, is said to be rather monolithic. Certainly he has sanctioned the New Freedom and himself indicated the topics which loyal Communists are free to discuss—including the need for a clean-up of the Department of Justice and an amnesty. But he has also issued a sharp warning that the Communist Party must remain above criticism. Although an independent judiciary and parliamentary control of the executive (both of which are written into the constitution) are desirable checks on despotism, he still believes firmly in the one-party state.

So the new Poland is now tackling the problem which has baffled Tito's Yugoslavia since 1948—how to build a system of democratic freedoms inside a one-party state. I discussed this first with the Minister in charge of the Five-Year Plan and then with a revered deputy, who is also an important member of the Communist Executive. Both are convinced that, in the spirit of Leninism, the thing can be done. The chief planner told me that, although Yugoslavia's decentralisation had been overdone, they were sending a delegation to study it. Then he talked at length about the automatic equilibrium between the Trusts, Co-operatives and Agencies which must be achieved. And the way he described it reminded me of J. K. Galbraith's theory of American oligopoly. He also told me that one of the most important results of the Russian New Deal is that, for the first time, the national plans of each member of the Warsaw bloc are being correlated. "In the old days," he said, "I had to admit that your O.E.E.C. did this job much better. But now that our socialised states are attacking it, we can expect much more spectacular results—once we have improved our statistics." The Communist deputy was concerned with making Parliament not only a check on the executive but truly responsible to the people. In his view there could be no question of an opposition, presenting an alternative government, but he hoped that primaries would be instituted before the general election next autumn. In his constituency, for instance, all those who wanted to be the Communist candidate would have to present themselves to an open public meeting, at the end of which there would be a secret ballot. "If that happens everywhere," he chuckled, "a good many of our present ministers will find it very difficult to get back to parliament."

I had very little time to study living standards but it is clear that, apart from a small political *élite* and a huge spiv class—both of which are being ruthlessly attacked in the press—the people wear their belts very tight indeed. In the Stalin era, I was told, quality was sacrificed to quantity and living space to grandeur. But Poland was a poor country with a huge class of indigent peasants, and the ruthless dictatorship of the last ten years had two achievements to its credit. It got industrialisation going and so relieved the pressure on the land; and it created a remarkable school system. Already there is a place for every child of 7, and it will soon be possible to enable all who can benefit to stay at a secondary school until they are 16. Would either of these achievements have been possible if Poland had had a western system of parliamentary democracy since 1945? The honest answer is surely "No," and that is what keeps this rebellious, stiff-necked, romantic people—despite its orgy of self-criticisms—loyal to the Communist regime.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

the things they say!

That's a natty suit you're wearing!

Glad you like it.

One of these new synthetics, I suppose?

Yes, it's one of the latest — 'Terylene'.

Hmm. I suppose in a couple of years we'll all be dressed in synthetics from head to toe?

Not quite. You can see from the papers that we're making more and more of these synthetic fibres, but I know enough to tell you that they're never likely to oust fibres such as cotton or wool as our main textile materials.

Why is that? The old story of Britain again lagging behind in production?

No, we're expanding the output of synthetic fibres at a great pace. But you've got to keep a sense of proportion — this country is consuming about *750 million pounds of cotton alone* every year.

Still, in time, when all the new synthetic fibre plants are completed . . .?

No, not even then. The natural fibres are generally cheaper. You see, synthetics are made from expensive raw materials, in special plants that cost a lot of money to build.

Then why use the synthetics at all?

Because they possess qualities that are unique, and with some of them our textile industry has been able to create fabrics that have many attractive features, like easy washing, quick drying, and quite remarkable resistance to creasing.

D

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

The Man Who Can't Be Wrong

Of all the House of Commons personalities in recent times, the most irritating is perhaps Mr. Sydney Silverman. He is a cocky man, who throws his shoulders back as if to swell his chest, and thrusts his now bearded chin outward and upward, as if to give him inches. Indeed, he sometimes seems over-occupied with his own shortness and he counterbalances it by buying a much larger than normal car, in which he perches so uprightly that his eyes just reach above the level of the steering wheel. Even his jokes are often outsize, and he follows them with an extravagant cackle, slapping his knee in an ecstasy of delight. Often the point of these stories is that some body, corporate or otherwise and very likely the National Executive of the Labour Party, has been scored off by Mr. Sydney Silverman. Should anyone tell a funny story in which Mr. Silverman has been scored off by some body, Mr. Silverman is less ecstatic. While explaining that no one enjoys a joke against himself more than he does, he will show, at one and the same time, that this was not a joke at all, that it was a bad joke and that it was a brilliant joke by himself against the National Executive.

The irritations which Mr. Silverman thus produces in private are redoubled in public. He will rise from his corner seat below the gangway and, though the House is obviously anxious to pass to other business, argue some technical point. The House groans and sometimes yells in real anger. The benevolence of the Chair changes to acidity. But Silverman persists, making no concession to the hostility of the House, except to thrust his left hand deeper into his pocket and jut his beard still higher into the air. At length the House subsides and waits hopefully for Silverman to be proved wrong. But the most irritating thing about Silverman is that, far more often than not, he is proved right.

This might merely suggest that he is a good lawyer; but there is much more to him, even as a lawyer, than the bare ability to argue technical points. Coming from a large and not particularly well-to-do Liverpool Jewish family, he had to fight for his own legal education through scholarships. When at last he was qualified, he could not afford even the brass plate which would announce that he was in practice. He managed, as a way of making ends meet, to talk his way into a post as Lecturer in English at the University of Finland. When he did begin to practise, he had just sufficient money to open an office and pay a typist one week's wages. But within a short time he was perhaps the most active, and certainly one of the more successful, solicitors in Liverpool, with queues waiting to consult him. This success was only partly due to his forensic ability in the police courts. Even more it was due to his passion for what he believes to be right, and to his bias for believing that right is more likely to be on the side of the little man than of the mighty. From this came a reputation, heightened by his campaigns on the Liverpool City Council, for fighting in the courts with all his head and heart over cases which other lawyers might have presented perfunctorily, or not at all. This same passion and tenacity has fired his work in the House of Commons. There, too, he has shown a capacity to argue passionately, and be proved right over, much more than mere technicalities.

In 1945, when Labour had scarcely caught its breath after its sweeping election victory and was preparing to reshape the world, Silverman held up much government business for weeks and might even have brought the government down on what seemed a small point—whether old age pensioners should receive their increased pension at once or wait until every new benefit under the projected National Insurance bill could be implemented. The government was for delay, declaring that prior payment to the old was administratively impossible. At first a majority of the Parliamentary Labour Party seemed to be with the government and against Silverman, partly because Ministers can reasonably be expected to know what is administratively possible and partly because they somehow looked more trustworthy than this sandy-haired, clever little advocate. But Silverman persisted and, in time, a majority of the party began to feel that, after all, the party had committed itself at the election to help the pensioners more explicitly than it had committed itself to help any other section of the community, that perhaps what seemed administratively impossible could, with determination, be done without much difficulty. Eventually, the government gave way, the old age pensioners got their increase six months earlier than had been planned and nobody was worse off except, perhaps, a few civil servants who for a short period had to work especially hard—and did not mind doing so in a good cause. In later years, Labour Ministers and back-benchers were to crow about the speed with which they had come to the pensioners' aid. The only man who did not crow, padadoxically enough, was the man who was mainly responsible.

As with the old age pensioners, so with the unemployed. Silverman protested in 1946 against the clauses in the National Insurance bill which laid down that a man or a woman should exhaust the right to unemployment benefit, and to supplementary benefit, after a specified period of unemployment. Though he persuaded some 40 other members to follow him into the lobby, the government won easily. Yet, some nine years later, official Labour spokesmen began to advocate what Silverman had advocated in 1946. Beyond domestic policy, in June of 1946 he secured the adjournment of the House to protest against British military action in

Palestine and our imprisonment of Zionist leaders; and he has consistently fought for the establishment and encouragement of the state of Israel, often in face of opposition by the then Labour government. Now Labour leaders in the House are officially advocating the kind of policies which the party opposed when Silverman first put them forward. Not all Labour's leaders even now are prepared to echo his pre-Bevan attack on the 1951 rearmament programme; but most other people, including the whole of the Conservative Party, would agree that on this too he was right.

Neither the ability to be right far more often than wrong nor the ingeniousness and pedantic logic with which he argues his cases, makes friends for Silverman. But his persistence, his courage and a sincerity, which for all the tricks of advocacy is evident, have long ago won him respect; and in recent months another quality has begun to produce real affection. That is the quality—hitherto unexpected in Silverman—of being willing and able almost to efface himself, if the issue for which he is fighting demands it or, as with the old age pensioners in 1946, when the battle has been won.

It is a quality which has been particularly impressive in the debates on hanging which have taken place recently. Silverman had been responsible for introducing the subject to this parliament; and when his motion, calling for the suspension of the death penalty, was carried against governmental advice, the government agreed to find time for a private member's bill. By a fluke of the ballot Silverman happened to win the chance to present such a bill himself; and when the day for Second Reading came, some opponents of capital punishment were afraid that its main sponsor—by legalistic arguments or by spurious court-room emotion or just by gloating because the government found itself in difficulties with the House—might prejudice floating voters against it. Those fears were groundless. Silverman was matter-of-fact, unemotional and unaggressive to the point of dullness. If this was cleverness—and it may have been, since his passionate hatred of hanging must have taken some restraining—it was a cleverness which impressed the House instead of irritating it.

Silverman has spent his lifetime fighting—for his education, for his practice, for his clients and for his causes. One sees him now, swopping honeyed acidities with the Chair or the Bench, forcing his way through all competitors to the chairman's eye, and the rostrum, at Labour Party conferences. He has won for himself a special place both in the Labour movement and in the House of Commons. Yet, till now, the acknowledgement he has earned has been touched with mockery and exasperation, as if with all his abilities he were no more than a crank or an ageing bore. But now there are signs that this is changing, perhaps because Silverman himself has been changing.

He has not the emotive qualities which rouse enthusiasm or adulation. His wit is too sharp and his style a shade too dogmatic to reach the heart of mass audiences; and though for a time his identification with the campaign to abolish capital punishment has given him national prominence, his fame may well recede once that issue is decided. But the self-effacement he has shown in parliament in that cause, and his persistent refusal on other issues to say "I told you so," is especially interesting. For there has been about Silverman an abiding impression of assertiveness, even of self-assertion, arising from some sense of inferiority. Perhaps that impression has always been wrong. But it is at least equally likely that Silverman, having long won battles against indignant magistrates and furious parliamentary colleagues, has now won a battle against himself. If that is so—and if he can further batter himself into admitting that he may sometimes be wrong—there is no reason why this little man, who at 61 has already so much good behind him, should not end by being great.

Conversation on a Cruiser

Do you remember a binge, Tovarishtsh?
Do you remember a binge?
The cooing and the wooing,
The press ballyhooing,
The cheers and the jeers for the Bold Buccaneers
And the snarl that faded to a cringe?
Do you remember a binge, Tovarishtsh?
Do you remember a binge?
The wining and the dining
And the auld lang signing
The flags and the rags
Of the little scallywags
Who knew that it was British
To be scurrilous and skittish,
And the clip-clap-clops
Of the cops?
And the tricks of the dicks
And the courtesy and kicks,
The Palace and the flunkeys and the fops?
Do you remember a binge, Tovarishtsh?
Do you remember a binge?

Never more, Tovarishtsh,
Never more.
Only that horrible bore
Serov, waiting at the door.
No larks
With Marx and the narks in the parks;
No Dean, no Queen to be seen.
What's on Tovarishtsh?
What's on?
Only some business with Bonn.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Fleet Street Notebook

"COMMENT pouring in from all the countries of the world varies so much that it is hard to remember that the same conference is being talked about," remarked *The Times* in a leading article at the end of the Russian visit. It is indeed. Nevertheless a balance sheet of the British press indicates a substantial majority view that the meeting has either produced, or may produce in the future, substantial results in reducing world tension and increasing Anglo-Soviet understanding.

Only one newspaper, the *Daily Telegraph*, came out flatly on the other side. "Not one of the arrangements couched in general and sometimes vague terms," it declared, "could not or should not have been reached through ordinary diplomatic channels without the exhausting paraphernalia of the visit." It found deadlock on Germany (a fact not concealed by the communiqué), nothing of substance in the Middle East, no more than a proposal, "agreeable to an economy short of man-power" to substitute "one kind of weapon for another" on disarmament and little more than words on trade. The communiqué as a whole it dismissed as "an important Russian propaganda triumph . . . couched in exactly the kind of language to which *Pravda* readers are accustomed," the visit as "dangerous and largely unproductive junketing". One may be wrong in seeing in a good deal of all this an extension of the *Telegraph's* current vendetta against the Prime Minister but it found little reflection in less committed quarters.

The Times, heading its leader "Well worth while," found the visit justified "by every standard". "What has been achieved?" it asked, and answered: "First of all a clearer understanding of Soviet fears and ambitions and, secondly, some provisional understandings on limited though important matters which may—it cannot yet be put stronger than 'may'—lead to firmer agreements that would benefit the peace of the world . . .". It incidentally paid Mr. Krushchev the considerable compliment of declaring that he had shown himself "able to present a case with an almost Churchillian ease, overflowing with statistics, quips and metaphors and switching from one subject to another as his own thoughts or others arguments take him". It did not, however, agree with the view held by many other newspaper observers that Marshal Bulganin has been relegated to second place—"His hand is there like the governor of a machine".

The *Manchester Guardian* was on the whole more reserved. "They came. They saw. They Co-existed" it remarked in the opening words

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of its leader and added "At least one would like to think that Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev are going home with reinforced desire to live at peace with us. It is hard to tell." Although not plunged in the unrelieved gloom of the *Telegraph*, the *Guardian* shared its scepticism about concrete results. Germany, deadlock. Disarmament, nothing achieved. Middle East, "can mean much or little". Trade, nothing like so great as appears at first. These sum up its conclusions.

Among the popular press only the *Daily Mail* shared this scepticism to quite the same degree although, rather oddly in view of its previous line, the *Mirror*, while shouting on its front page "We hope they'll come back soon," remarked rather sourly inside that at the most the talks could be said to have "edged the two countries nearer to an agreement". The *Mail's* view was that although "it is better that the Russians should have come than that they should have stayed away" whether "anything will come of the long, tough talks in Downing Street depends upon many unpredictable factors".

The *Express* would have none of these cautious half measures. "It adds up to success," it proclaimed, "A triumph for Sir Anthony Eden". After this it went on to make the large claim that the communiqué "means, in effect, an acceptance of what has been Anglo-American policy" by the Russians. The *Herald*, although it did not plunge so heavily as the *Express* on the Middle East wisely restricting itself to the view that tension there might now be reduced, was hardly less ebullient in general. It declared the communiqué, "although necessarily vague," to be one of "the most important state documents of our times" and said that the talks had "clarified the determination of Russia to avoid a major war". Because of them the "world is a more hopeful place this morning". The *Daily Sketch* ("Don't Look a Gift Bear In the Mouth") cast most of its earlier anxieties aside. "The Russians," it told its readers, "came here with the desire to lessen tension. That has been accomplished." The *News Chronicle*, while sharing some of the *Manchester Guardian's* caution, came down firmly in the end on the side of hope. Unlike the *Guardian* it found "the most obvious advance" in the Middle East. As for the visit as a whole, its judgment was that although it "has yet to prove itself in immediate diplomatic terms . . . it could in the long run prove a stepping stone to world security".

The *Observer*, the *Sunday Times* ("The visit has done exactly what was hoped of it and has failed to do any of the things that were feared") and *Reynolds* took broadly the same view. So did such of the popular Sunday press as found the talks still comment-worthy—despite such pressing preoccupations as the Duchess of Windsor's life story, which has already put up the sales of the *Sunday Express* by 300,000, the important problem of which girl film star Vernon Grey "really likes to cuddle" which troubled the *People*, and the question, much on the mind of the *Sunday Graphic*, of whether Diana Dors will come out top in an even more important Anglo-Soviet meeting than that in London—the one at the Cannes film contest where Russia's "hand-picked glamour girl" Irina Skobseva has been winning the applause! Miss Dors, incidentally, has now joined, temporarily I presume, the reporting staff of the *Daily Sketch* although not, I hope, in the costume in which she appeared when it proudly announced its capture on the front page. "I want," she modestly says, "to boost British sex appeal". Fleet Street, it will be seen, is almost back to normal.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Practice and Prestige

THE Design Centre (28 Haymarket) opened last week. It is the permanent showroom of the *Council of Industrial Design*, who plan to display there about 1,000 products from motor-bikes to salt cellars. Every product shown has to pass the Council's selection committee, which sits every week to consider the 100-200 examples voluntarily submitted by manufacturers. At present there are products from 433 British firms there. The Committee's criteria are "good materials and workmanship, fitness for purpose and pleasure in use."

Nothing is sold at the Centre but every kind of inquiry can be answered, and it is intended that retailers, contractors, foreign buyers and quite ordinary shoppers should go there to get ideas, compare prices and see a wide range of the most up-to-date products on the market.

Clearly such a scheme cannot affect the fundamental wastefulness—apparent in design as in everything else—of our economic system; it cannot do away with the kind of visual falseness that competition so frequently encourages—the need to make this year's product different from last year's and from the same product made by any other firm. Further, since the Centre relies financially on the manufacturers (they pay a rent for their products to be displayed) its policies must always be "tactful." These limitations, however, need not prevent the Centre from supplying a useful public service (if you want to buy a washing machine you can go there and discuss it with a far more disinterested expert than in any shop), from having a sound educative influence on at least a certain section of public taste, and from encouraging the imaginative designing that our light-industries export-drive badly needs. No one, except hopeless "crafties" and raging regionalists, could do anything but welcome the initiative, the determination—the Centre has taken ten years to bring about—and the good sense of the venture.

The following general comment should therefore be seen in that perspective. The present exhibition is roughly divided into sections: office equipment, kitchen utensils, bathroom accessories, electrical machines, china, glass, and living room décor. In none of them is there any obvious trash; the general standard, compared to that of the average stores, is good, if seldom startlingly so. But in the last three sections, the sections which might come under the very general heading of Leisure Objects, there is an atmosphere totally different from the others: a brittle atmosphere of vogueishness, latent snobbery, gloss. This has nothing to do with the prices nor with the associations of the objects—a copper frying-pan suggests sophisticated food far more than a modern armchair suggests sophisticated conversation. The distinction could, in one sense, be described as a straightforward class one. The working-class housewife might well be very interested in the electrical food-mixer which she certainly could not afford, but the Leisure Objects would seem alien to her, even if she lived in a finely designed flat by Lubetkin. This does not amount to a criticism of the chairs, lamps, bookcases, dinner plates, etc.; the point that I am trying to make is that these Leisure Objects are direct appendages to "a way of life," in a way that the motor-bikes and kettles and self-rinsing mops are not. They are closely connected with manners and social values and behaviour. And it is the insecurity of these that largely prevents us from establishing a good, modern tradition of domestic furniture and furnishings. A society has well designed chairs when everyone knows exactly who is going to sit on them, and why and how. Today there are, of course, a few excellent chairs, but what I am talking about is the general standard—even at the Design Centre. The need to keep up or create "appearances"—almost in the cosmetic sense of the phrase—bedevils the design of the vast majority of the objects which are going to impress the guest or the visitor. Fashion and mannerism become more important than "fitness for purpose" or "pleasure in use."

There is an example of this difference in attitude towards Practical and Leisure objects in the June number of the Council's magazine *Design*. It includes an excellent criticism of a cooking stove which makes indisputable practical and aesthetic points. But there is also an article about Wedgwood china which, although intelligent and knowledgeable, comes to quite arbitrary assessments. Now I admit that it is easier to discuss a stove than a teapot, and obviously it is not the Council's job to change the nature of our society. But I do believe that this distinction between the present quality of the design of Serviceable objects and Prestige objects should be constantly borne in mind. It incidentally relates to the old argument between the severe functionalists and the "decorators." Functionalism is the logical outcome of a society which can find common ground only in practical output, and decoration, which sounds such a gay, spontaneous affair, in fact has social roots as deep as those of moral conventions.

The practical corollary of all this at the Centre is that the Council should be rather more on its guard than it is against the merely fashionable. The kind of taste—or lack of it—that it should combat is not only that of the average old-fashioned boarding house, but equally that of the average, supremely up-to-date and chic espresso bar.

JOHN BERGER

Embellishing Mozart

FEW of the innumerable Mozart concerts of the present season call for any particular comment, but last week the Third Programme turned up with something that was both important and new. This was a programme called "A Mozart Problem," presented by A. Hyatt King, with excellently played illustrations by Denis Matthews and the St. Cecilia Orchestra conducted by Trevor Harvey.

The problem is that of the ornamentation of the solo part in Mozart's piano concertos. It has long been accepted by scholars—though few pianists or listeners seem aware of the fact—that the printed text of these concertos, especially of the slow movements, does not represent precisely what Mozart himself played. It was his habit to indulge in a great deal of semi-improvised ornamentation, differing perhaps as between one performance and another; and even in those concertos which were published during his lifetime he did not print a complete version of the solo part "as performed," partly because it was still customary to leave considerable licence to the individual player, and partly perhaps because he wanted the concertos to remain, in a sense, his own property as a concert-giver. An extreme instance is the "Coronation" Concerto (K.537), in the autograph of which the piano part is a mere skeleton; in the Larghetto the tune alone is given, with the left hand left blank. André, publishing this concerto three years after Mozart's death, completed the solo as far as essentials are concerned; but it is still very bare. When that great scholar-artist, Wanda Landowska, recorded the work shortly before the war, she added much delicate and spirited ornamentation of her own, thus making something delightful out of what is generally reckoned the weakest of Mozart's mature concertos. She has lately been recording some of his solo piano music, again using improvised embellishments whenever she feels that they are needed. But Mme Landowska is more or less alone in adopting this eighteenth-century practice.

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

Mr. Hyatt King's programme drew attention to a little known source of illumination on this difficult subject. In 1802 André published Philipp Karl Hoffmann's elaborated versions of the piano parts of the slow movements of six great Mozart concertos: K.467 in C, K.482 in E flat, K.488 in A, K.491 in C minor, K.503 in C and K.595 in B flat. Who was Hoffmann? He is ignored in modern dictionaries and also in Abert's immense revision of Jahn's Mozart biography; but Mr. Hyatt King tells us, on the authority of an 1840 encyclopœdia, that he was a virtuoso pianist and composer of some distinction, born at Mainz in 1769. The essential fact about Hoffmann's career, for us, is that in 1790 he met Mozart at Mainz and saw a good deal of him; he heard the composer perform one of his concertos (which one is not clear) in public, and in private the two men played together the four-hand Piano Sonata in F, K.497. Thus, his elaborations are based on his recollections of Mozart's own keyboard style, and they were probably published with the pious intention of providing some evidence of a manner of performance which was already, around the turn of the century, becoming obsolete.

Denis Matthews gave us the whole of the Hoffmann-ised slow movements of three concertos (K.467, 488 and 491), together with brief passages from one or two others; and it was extremely interesting to follow these performances with a standard score. We modern listeners can hardly hope that our response to Mozart-Hoffmann will be anything but highly personal and subjective. To begin with, we are no longer in the position of Mozart's audiences, to whom the music was almost invariably new. For most of us who had tuned in the other night the music was probably quite familiar, and our initial reaction to hearing something so disquietingly different from the usual version was likely to be hostile. Speaking for myself, I found it particularly hard to accept as desirable, or even plausible, the busy elaboration of the dream-like F major Andante of K.467, which has some claim to be thought as beautiful a movement as Mozart ever wrote. The pure curves and leaps of the familiar melody seemed half smothered in a Hummel-like proliferation of turns, scales and arpeggios; sometimes thematic links and correspondences seemed altogether lost. In the wistful F sharp minor Andante of K.488 the general effect was again fussy, though (as also in K.467) there were several delightful details. (I found myself wondering, incidentally, why Mozart should have troubled to write in the symbol for a turn at two isolated points—in bar 76 of the K.467 movement and in bar 79 of the K.488 movement—if the solo part were destined in any case to become a tissue of such ornaments.) The E flat Larghetto of K.491 struck me as much the most successful of Hoffmann's reconstructions, because the frequent repetitions of its square and symmetrical tune positively need (as Mr. Girdlestone insists in his great book on the concertos) a good deal of embellishment. But all such reactions, I must repeat, are likely to be personal and subjective; how differently one might feel if one had known the elaborated versions all one's life and were suddenly to hear the standard text for the first time!

No comparable source exists to tell us how Mozart's singers used to ornament his vocal music, but there is no doubt that they did so. At one point in "Dove sono," for instance, the printed text, as nowadays performed, leaves an ugly and stylistically awkward hole; when the soprano comes to rest on a dominant G before resuming the initial melody, I feel sure that she is intended to join the two notes by one of those slow, chromatic ascents through the intervening notes which can sound so beautiful when sung with the necessary purity and steadiness of tone. Probably some little cadenza is also intended before the final phrase of "Deh vieni." Singers so recent as Sembrich and Hempel used to jump at this point from D to the high B flat, followed by a slow descending scale to the printed C; here I feel on the whole happier with the simplicity of the printed text. On the other hand, Santley's charming old record of "Non più andrai" introduces one or two flourishes, including an octave-and-a-half downward run before one of the reprises of the melody, which seem to be spontaneous, appropriate and altogether delightful. To make that sort of thing convincing, however, you need Santley's self-confidence and imperturbable technique.

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Men Like Dogs

THE average human ear cannot accommodate so wide a range of sound frequencies as the ear of a dog or a bat: perhaps 15,000 cycles a second, compared with the dog's 20,000 or the bat's 30,000 (and the human being, as he grows older, finds it harder to hear the bat's thin scream).

On a medium-wave band the radio listener may hear 5-6,000 cycles a second. If he can get a programme on the Very High Frequency band, he can hear, in good conditions, 12,000. This technical jargon means that a concert can be heard with far greater clarity and depth on a VHF than on an ordinary radio set: the listener receives the whole range of musical frequencies and their overtones, and the dynamic range also (*ff* to *pp*) is enhanced with startling vividness—rather as if a two-dimensional picture were suddenly seen stereoscopically.

When I mentioned VHF in this column recently, several readers wrote in to ask about it. This week, at Broadcasting House, Mr. H. T. Greatorex was good enough to explain and illustrate it to me.

Even more important than the increased clarity and range already mentioned is VHF's primary use in this country: it cuts out interference—both interference from foreign stations (growing worse every year, especially for those living in the South of England) and those sudden, nerve-shattering interruptions, like tearing calico, caused by electric lifts or vacuum cleaners. "So many people complain of this," said Mr. Greatorex, "who haven't bothered to fit a proper aerial. They tell me: 'But I've got a short piece of wire hanging down.' That short piece of wire! It picks up all the interference that's going. . . ." But even a proper aerial on an ordinary set isn't as good as VHF.

We listened to some comparative examples—actual recordings of programmes received, at the same place, on ordinary and on VHF sets. On one, there was the sort of babel that I often hear, on the Essex coast, if I try to get the Light (but I get the Third quite clearly, which is difficult in some areas): we heard Big Ben striking, accompanied by a piercing, monotonous whistling sound; then a rapid ghostly jabber in what sounded like Serbo Croat; then (still blurred) the nine o'clock news. On another recording, the VHF one, all extraneous noise had vanished—and, best of all, the silences were silent, not punctuated by rushing mighty winds and staccato clickings.

To about one million of Britain's 14 million licence-holders—the number seriously affected by foreign interference—this is the more urgently necessary function of VHF. But gradually—"like four-wheel brakes," said Mr. Greatorex—every listener in Britain will enjoy this better-quality listening; for more than half the new sets now sold incorporate the VHF band, and eventually all will. To adapt an old set costs some £16, plus the cost of the aerial (like a TV aerial, but smaller). By the end of this year, if they had the sets, 84 per cent. of the population could get VHF. So far only about a quarter of a million have the sets.

Why so few? Because VHF is only one year old in Britain. The first VHF station, Wrotham, began transmission on May 2 last year. Ten more are now operating or under construction. Eventually about twenty-five will be needed; for VHF is a short-range service. Need I add that other countries are far in advance of us—that Germany, for instance, already has more than a hundred VHF stations in operation?

Successive British governments have been slow to approve this development, no doubt because of the capital expenditure involved. Each VHF station costs about £200,000 to build. (It needs only eight full-time staff.) But the programme was approved in principle, as part of the BBC's ten-year plan, in 1954.

There is one snag: either because they don't know enough about it, or because they are trying to sell off old stock, some dealers don't give a satisfactory VHF sales service. The BBC are trying to educate the dealers; the manufacturers, naturally, hope they will succeed.

* * *

The Russians (who are now, as I reported here last week, entertaining a BBC delegation) seem anxious to show whatever TV material we can send them. They have also bought a good deal of outside-broadcast equipment in Britain. The BBC has recently supplied them with documentaries of London, Scotland and Portsmouth (the B-K arrival point), and with a daily newsreel of the B-K visit; and a more ambitious documentary feature of the visit as a whole (except, of course, for That Dinner), running for at least forty-five minutes, will be shown on Moscow TV on Monday. If they like it, the Russians will presumably have copies made for their dozen or more provincial TV stations, which are not yet linked in a network with Moscow. TV may yet make a contribution to Anglo-Soviet understanding more vital than diplomatic discussions or cultural exchanges of the more formal and limited sort.

* * *

There is general satisfaction at the appointment of Mr. Gerald Beadle, a strong, able and civilised veteran of Savoy Hill, to succeed Sir George Barnes as Director of Television Broadcasting at the BBC. This is felt not least inside the BBC, for Mr. Beadle is rather like the best type of naval officer: no sloppiness is tolerated, but his is a happy ship. Under his control the BBC's

Western Region has been the most enterprising and, to a large extent, self-governing of the regions; no doubt he had sometimes regretted that financial dependence on London has limited this autonomy. He is certain to carry these ideas with him to Wood Lane—the only stipulation being that programmes of regional origin and character should be of sufficient intrinsic interest to win their way into the national network on merit. Examples of this from the Western Region are (on sound) *Any Questions?* and (on TV) *Look*.

In the hierarchical terminology of the Corporation, a Director is above a Controller; so Mr. Cecil McGivern's appointment as Deputy Director, is also a promotion. He will go on doing the same job he has done as Controller of Television Programmes, but with more power.

TOM DRIBERG

Romance and Life

SOME time in the years ahead we shall be having, I suppose, the Grace Kelly story which Hollywood has already hugged to itself. It is a very happy coincidence by which Miss Kelly's last film (now at the Empire) trembles on the mating of Royalty. In *The Swan* she is—as the daydream is liable to be—herself noble; a lethargic Crown Prince has at last been manœuvred into paying a visit, but she falls in love with her small brothers' tutor who adores Bonaparte. What a wan, moony, high-but-to-be-higher, adorable creature she is!

At first, I must admit, rather less than adorable: the part requires it. Devastatingly pretty, but null—no wonder Mr. Alec Guinness prefers footballing on the lawn, and when he is invited to the rose-garden, chooses to spend hours in the new model cowsheds. The date—could it be other?—is 1910. It is Ruritania in the new style, with a whimsical smile and wit. This Molnar play has been moling its way, with regular eruptions, for a number of years. It comes in the latest version light, slight, with pockets of faded poetry, but the *réclame* of real wedding bells. This gives it a Pirandellian touch. Every moment spent by Miss Kelly on the screen is doubly regarded: how she is in fiction can never (for the moment) be severed from the soaring of fact. It is the very torture of make-believe that she should seem up to the very last to be linking herself with a commoner: shocking reversal of life! Of course, the fairy-tale sends the tutor (Mr. Louis Jourdan, romantic but no prince) packing, and the ascent in titles is assured. This final capture of reluctant Royalty is, by the way, despite Mr. Guinness's smooth witchcraft, the least satisfactory part of the whole thing—or would be, if Life hadn't us in thrall.

The Swan is a pretty sad-gay thing, though not up to Ophüls or Lubitch; charming, amusing, mildly satirical, mildly lyrical; its only fault being that nothing is quite original—the reception at the station starts with a blatant crib from Chaplin—and that it goes slow, with this wobble at the end.

In the newsreels our swan emerges—at Detroit, I think—in the thick of a Press conference. She smiles, whereas in Ruritania she was sad, and says something about marriage being a serious step for a girl. Then, with 80 relatives and friends, and black spectacles, she goes aboard; Monaco harbour is waiting and hoping for fine weather. Yes, the sun shines! And Prince Rainier in his yacht goes out to meet his bride in her ocean liner: "the most romantic moment of modern times," says the commentator, though it looks more like a moment in an early Preston Sturgess film. Sirens, cheers, fireworks, balcony waves, and then the ceremony—or three ceremonies. Grim, nervous indeed is the bridegroom in that "uniform of his own design"; we don't have to watch him while his 147 titles are being read out, but we can imagine it. Poor Grace looks be-waxed: to her own relatives and friends are now added his, more numerous, more peculiar, and not hesitating in the church to turn round and stare at a few feet's distance. Hollywood's special romance seems to the eye more like the convergence of Loved Ones at some new-world wake. It is all so uncomfortably forced that we long for a *March of Time* report on the whole affair. Here is the Aga Khan, like a Disney tortoise in a bath chair; but where is Farouk with his nine-foot vases stuck at the customs, where is Onassis? That producer-in-chief deserves a whole reel to himself. And perhaps—who knows?—he and she may be genuinely in love.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"South Sea Bubble," at the Lyric Theatre

The important thing about a theatrical bubble is that it shouldn't burst, that it should bounce from hand to hand delighting us with its iridescence and a fragility which all the same manages to remain unfractured. And it must be admitted that Mr. Noel Coward's latest does, if only just, succeed in not popping during the evening. One concedes this somewhat reluctantly because one cannot help feeling almost insulted by the sketchiness with which the piece has been built. A couple of extra days' thought, one imagines, would have enabled Mr. Coward to construct something a little less shoddy than this makeshift of a plot, this assembly of barely related excuses for that airy persiflage which is what in fact keeps the bubble distended. The dialogue is only second-class Coward but in the total absence of situation it has to suffice. There is one good scene—it takes up half the second act—in which the Governor's wife holds off the drunken amorousness of an important young Native; and Miss Vivien Leigh here, as elsewhere, carries the burden with a light comic ease; and there is one other amusing character, Mr. Arthur Macrae at his best, an irrelevant guest at Government House with a good bitchy line of repartee. The rest is vacancy.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

STATE SECURITY

SIR,—I wish George Strauss had felt this matter serious enough to warrant a concerned and co-operative re-examination. The debating apologia he has contributed to this correspondence can only add to the disquiet. His points, however, must be answered briefly—in respect for him, if not for them.

He devotes some space to the plea that there really isn't anything new in the White Paper. Well, if that were so, it surely would not have required twenty-one paragraphs to announce, "The Government and the Conference find the existing practice unexceptionable and propose to leave it alone." In fact, of course, the White Paper specifically promises the promulgation in due course of "alterations in existing procedures" needed "to carry out these recommendations." True, it claims elsewhere that everything in the security garden was already lovely but this is characteristic of the emollient double-talk to which, in passing, I referred. Mr. Kenneth Younger made it clear that the House was discussing something much more drastic than Mr. Attlee's original announcement in 1948—though even that was disturbing enough to many of us. But Mr. Attlee certainly never proposed—to take one example only—that the suspicion of Communism should block a man's chances of promotion, even where he had *no* access to secrets! (Para. 12.)

However, George Strauss knows quite well that novelty was not the point of my protest. I do not care a straw whether these practices are new or old; I care only that they are bad.

Having charged me with not getting my "facts right" and "wild distortions," he illustrates this familiar gambit with three instances, not one of which, alas, bears him out.

1. He denies my statement that the threat is now to include not only Communists, their associates and sympathisers but also "loose-livers," and quotes one sentence from Para. 10 which might seem to uphold him while suppressing the context, which refutes him. The suppressed sentence makes the point that defects of character make a man not merely unreliable but open to blackmail—with the clear implication that the private life of a man in confidential work must be immaculate; if he could possibly be blackmailed, he should be out. I should have thought the application of this principle would decimate not only the Civil Service but private industry, business, agriculture and the professions. Yet Strauss informs us that "the principle is applied in every responsible large-scale organisation, private or public, throughout the world." Well, well! And yet somehow the White Paper thought it worth including among its recommendations.

2. I am also taken to task for citing the danger in owning a Communist grandmother. Of course the phrase was clearly half-symbolical but I am quite ready to defend it literally, since George Strauss pretends it to be a distortion. "Having a Communist grandmother," he writes, "is obviously not of a like nature to living with a spouse with whom one shares a home or a bed." But does nobody ever share a home with a grandparent? The word 'bed,' absent from the White Paper, is presumably a gloss of Mr. Strauss's own; but I cannot think his colleagues would agree that sexual intercourse is a greater temptation to indiscreet disclosures than the mutual trust of devoted relatives or friends. Which no doubt is why the White Paper specifically declares that it is *not* only spouses who may lose people their livelihood: "the same principle should be applied in other cases of a like nature." Mustn't that include any friend or relation, even a grandmother, close enough to be a likely confidante?

3. A less trivial complaint, though one George Strauss should have been able to answer for himself, is that I am wrong in saying that the decision (as to whether a man is a Communist or a sympathiser or an associate or a relative of a Communist sympathiser or associate or a loose-liver susceptible to blackmail) effectively rests with the secret police. It is true, of course, that the Minister has the ultimate formal responsibility and he is expected to have read the appropriate files—at least in the few cases which reach him. But he certainly would not have the time to undertake a thorough investigation

HOUSE OF DOLLS

By KA-TZETNIK 135633

A novel based on the diary of a young girl who was subjected to enforced prostitution in a German labour camp.

"A terrible story which, nevertheless, should be read."—*Lord Russell of Liverpool.* 13/6

MULLER

personally of every charge brought against any Civil Servant; nor can he be adequately cross-questioned in the House because he is unable to divulge publicly the relevant evidence. No, the effective decision *does* rest with the secret police, not only in the first place but, it must be admitted, a very long way beyond the first place, taking into account that the allegations of their informers are not subject to the checking and testing that similar charges would receive in a court of law. The appeal tribunal, when invoked, is in the handicapped position of a judge hearing a trial in which only the prosecution has a fair chance to deploy its case—a case unprobed by the accused who is the only person in a position to probe it properly. If, for example, the witnesses against him are actuated by malice or are persons of no credit, he cannot prove it, for he never even learns their names. Nor does the Tribunal examine them as a matter of course; let alone the Minister. In such circumstances it is surely no exaggeration to say that responsibility for his fate rests on "the almost unchecked and uncheckable" judgment of the secret police.

Finally, it is ingenuous of George Strauss to pose the problem as a choice between conflicting absolutes and disingenuous to imply that I did the same. In contrast to his absolutism, I suggested that "there comes a point where the security of the State ceases to be an adequate excuse for the insecurity of the individual." He acknowledges no such point. I put the issue as a problem of where to draw a line between the claims of security (which I believe to be inflated) and the claims of civil liberty (of which I fear we are ceasing to be sufficiently zealous). He admits no such problem—and thus reinforces my fear. I believe we are beginning to draw the line a great deal too near "the alien tradition" and too far from our own. He, ensconced in his cosy absolute, declines even to discuss that issue. I questioned the premise of absolute precedence for State security. He ignores the question, satisfied that it is self-evidently "right" to "tilt the balance" in favour of the State against the individual and doubtless surprised that even a Tory M.P. is shocked.

I can only hope that other M.P.s will not only continue to shy at this miserable White Paper but will energetically consider the devising of checks upon current encroachments. Why, for example, should it not be made obligatory to inform a man who is being shifted that security, not efficiency, is the reason *and* that he has the right of appeal, such as it is? Why should this appeal not be carried, if he wishes, beyond "the three advisers" and be heard in the last resort by a committee of M.P.s or even Privy Councillors, who presumably are "secure" enough to be privy to the activities of M.I.5? If they are dissatisfied with what they learn, might they not even have the right to demand a secret session of the House?

Some such machinery as this—and there may be many better devices—would, by its existence alone, provide at least some degree of democratic control over the vastly enlarged activities of our secret police. In any case it is surely too early to throw in our hand and declare the problem insoluble, muttering for our cold comfort "The State is all."

BENN W. LEVY

66 Old Church Street, S.W.3.

THE DINNER PARTY

SIR,—The most significant thing about the Labour leaders at dinner time was what they did *not* say to B. and K. The obvious things to discuss with them were how to make peace in Europe and the Middle East; disarmament; and trade relations. These, I happen to know, were the subjects the Soviet leaders expected would be raised and were ready to discuss.

After all, on March 17 last, Dr. Edith Summerskill, speaking on behalf of the N.E.C. to the annual conference of the N.W. Regional Federation of the Labour Parties in Manchester, told us that the party had broken with the bi-partisan foreign policy and that this was an epoch in the history of our party. She was referring to the fact that on March 7 Hugh Gaitskell had not only spoken but divided the House against the government's Middle Eastern policy, and that, on February 27, Alf Robens had attacked the government's whole policy of clinging to anti-Soviet alliances in Europe and the Middle East, and had put forward the Labour Party's alternative of bringing the Soviet Union into partnership through regional agreements within the United Nations. Why did our leaders let slip this unique chance to find out whether the Soviet leaders thought that Labour's proposals might constitute an acceptable basis of negotiation? Why did it never occur to them to raise these questions?

Instead of discussing our alternative policies for making peace with our Soviet guests, on our own responsibility and never mind about the Prime Minister, Gaitskell tells Eden that he proposes to raise the question of the 200 imprisoned Social Democrats with B. and K. Did he also self-effacingly inform the Prime Minister that of course he would not presume to discuss international affairs with the Russians? Or was that merely taken for granted on both sides?

The allegations about imprisoned Social Democrats and anti-Semitism in the U.S.S.R. should have been made only in strictly confidential talks between four or five persons, and then only (a) in the context of improving relations between our two peoples, (b) on the basis of rigorously sifted information, and (c) with due regard for the fact that we cannot claim as a matter of right to discuss Soviet internal affairs with the Soviet government, still less hold it responsible for the domestic policies of other countries. Instead, Transport House seems to have swallowed whole the lists prepared by European *émigrés* who are out to sabotage any settlement with the Soviet Union, and to have adopted their point of view. For according to the *Manchester Guardian* of April 26, Mr. Morgan Phillips, after reducing the original 200 to 140 or 150, with the airy remark that for all he knew many of them might have been released recently, observed that "most of the prisoners were in 'satellite' countries, though some were citizens of the Baltic States of Latvia and Lithuania and were in Soviet custody." I hope Mr. Phillips has been misreported. If not, he does not appear to recognise that the Baltic states became the Baltic Soviet Republics and part of the U.S.S.R. a good many years ago, and that the East European People's Democracies are members of the United Nations. I hope Mr. Phillips will make it clear that he takes his stand with the Labour Party, on peaceful co-existence and the U.N. Charter, and not with Mr. Dulles and the *émigrés*

House of Commons. K. ZILLIACUS

EXILES AND B. AND K.

SIR,—Critic's sneer at the "noisy demonstrations of political exiles" during the B. and K. visit would be deplorable by almost any standard, but from the pen of one who has for years claimed to champion the cause of the defenceless and oppressed it is utterly despicable. Moreover, the bracketing of East Europeans liberals and Socialists with "a few local fascists" makes one suspect that the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S concern for the Social-Democrats behind the Iron Curtain is little more than lip-service.

The whole British press has rightly paid tribute to the dignity and restraint of the silent march of 15,000 east European exiles to the Cenotaph, but since I, a political refugee from Communism myself, may be open to the charge of partisanship, allow me to quote an officer of Scotland Yard's Special Branch who said to me at Victoria Station before the departure of the Soviet leaders: "Seeing what those people have been through their conduct has been wholly admirable . . ."

One could have wished that these sentiments had been expressed in the columns of your journal which, instead of doling out bouquets galore to B. and K., might have been expected to remember, if only with a single word of sympathy, their and their predecessors' victims who have found refuge in this country.

93 Wolsey Crescent, STEPHAN POLLAK
Morden Park,
Surrey.

EDWARDIAN ECONOMICS

SIR,—Mr. Clark wishes to test "by scientific observation and analysis of the facts" my contention that Britain could, and should, increase productive investment through an increase of direct taxation, and that this policy would result in so accelerated an increase of our productivity as to restore our international solvency (and political influence). Unfortunately Mr. Clark lives in a spiritual world of his own, and the "facts" he quotes to refute me (as so many of his earlier "scientific" laws, observations, and predictions) bear no recognisable relation to reality as recorded by available statistics or visual observation. It is not true that West German or Soviet output, or productivity, is not far higher than pre-war. Thus the figure of a rate of increase of productivity of 6 per cent. p.a. quoted by me as a target for Britain (and surpassed in recent years by both former countries) can in no way be associated with a quick (and transient) recovery from war devastation. The West German national real output now is some 50 per cent. above pre-war; the Soviet probably much higher. On the other hand France and Italy, to whose effortless increase in production without investment Mr. Clark refers, suffered from heavy deflation in the Thirties in an insensate defence of their gold parity; France did not attain the 1929 output until 1950 or 1951. Thus there was a (relatively) important idle productive capacity which could be brought into play without new investment.

I do not disagree with Mr. Clark that investment alone is not enough. But without investment, hard work, discipline, or what have you, will not do. The Chinese coolie works much harder than any American. And investment in research is, above all, the precondition of success. No doubt investment can be misdirected; but is Mr. Clark quite fair in quoting, as a relevant example, agricultural investment in Britain? Agricultural expenses of all kinds represented a favourite way of tax-avoidance. Be that as it may, if Mr. Clark really believes that output per man-hour is not higher in Britain now than in the Thirties, he would believe anything. His flat assertion (where is the "scientific observation or analysis" here?) that "the blame for the comparative stagnation of production in Britain must be placed upon excessive taxation" is, verily, not borne out by post-war statistics, and is harshly contradicted by a comparison of the post-war rate of expansion with pre-war (or even pre-1914).

Oxford. THOMAS BALOGH

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TOBACCO TRADE AGREEMENT

SIR,—The Imperial Tobacco Co. possesses, with its associated companies and subsidiaries, more than 90 per cent. of the cigarette trade in the United Kingdom. This combine imposes its will, through the Tobacco Trade Association, upon the tobacco industry as a whole, right down to the smallest shopkeeper who cannot obtain supplies of cigarettes at trade discounts without accepting the conditions imposed by the T.T.A.'s Agreement.

The T.T.A. was formed originally for the purpose of enforcing manufacturers' retail prices—in other words, to stop price cutting which was rampant at the time. But in 1934, after Imperial Tobacco Company had persuaded the larger independent companies—who were then successfully marketing coupon cigarettes in volume approximating to 25 per cent. of the total trade—to discontinue coupon trading in return for a ten-year subsidising of their profits by Imperial Tobacco Company, a clause was introduced into the T.T.A. Agreement prohibiting coupon trading in regard to cigarettes.

The ten-year agreement, that came to an end in 1944, was renewed for five years and finally ended in 1949; but no manufacturer dared to launch a gift coupon cigarette thereafter because of the existence of the T.T.A. Agreement prohibiting the wholesale and retail trade from dealing in them.

In June, 1955, the Monopolies Commission condemned all kinds of restrictive trade practices and recommended that legislation should be introduced to that end. This company, which has never been a party to any of the agreements referred to or a member of the T.T.A., then decided to introduce its "Exclusive" brand of cigarettes, hitherto on sale through the trade, with gift coupons in the packets.

The T.T.A. thereupon through its representatives called upon shopkeepers stocking "Exclusive" telling them that trading in our coupon cigarettes would result in supplies of all other brands being stopped.

Not long after the introduction of "Exclusive" the National Union of Retail Tobacconists approached us to inquire if we would be able to make substantial quantities of "Exclusive" available to them should their members decide to stock them, and thereafter some of the Union's provincial branches showed similar interest. Nothing was done by them to stock "Exclusive" because of the threats of "stop listing" of proprietary brands. The N.U.R.T. did propose to the T.T.A., however, that the coupon clause in the T.T.A.'s Agreement should be removed.

It is to be particularly noted that over a period of some months when over 5,000 shopkeepers had stocked "Exclusive" the T.T.A. did not "stop list" anyone until January, 1956, when Mrs. George, 12 Horsefair, Birmingham 1, had her supplies stopped and in March Mr. C. Pearson, 156 Alexandra Road, Manchester, was similarly "stop listed" when he refused to yield.

The fact is that the T.T.A. has endeavoured to blanket our efforts without resorting to the widespread "stop listing" of retailers which would have invited publicity, and suggested it was acting to forestall legislation to come.

We should welcome the comments of Imperial Tobacco Company and the T.T.A. and would ask them to reconcile, if they can, their actions with the words of the President of the Board of Trade who, in the House of Commons, on March 6, 1956, said: "Industry has a little time, while this bill is being discussed, to ponder on these matters, and it is my hope and belief that quite a number of devices which may have been appropriate twenty-five or thirty years ago may now be quietly dropped."

George Jackson & Co., Luton. G. LEHAIN, *Director*

THE TRAGEDY OF FATHER HUDDLESTON

SIR,—It is one thing to praise the stand taken by an isolated Christian priest. It is another thing to condemn other Christians in South Africa as being cowards and hypocrites. I refer to the statement in your article of March 24, 1956, in which you say, "Father Huddleston is right that the Church's acceptance of the abolition of the measure of real education offered by the Churches to the Africans is the very worst example of Christian cowardice."

The recently produced Tomlinson Report shows that the vast majority of Bantu schools have belonged to the Churches. It is neither cowardice, nor hypocrisy, nor is it condoning the Bantu Education Act when Christian bodies agreed to rent or lease their buildings so that this education could continue. Christians condemn the Act as evil, but drastic measures will become necessary when the evil becomes apparent in the syllabuses and when "the measure of real education" shows signs of being diminished. In fact, this "measure of real education" amounted to very little indeed. The great majority of children left school with but a smattering of learning on the most elementary subjects.

I am convinced that most Christians would have been prepared to make a stand by refusing to allow Church property to be used for school purposes had they thought that some desirable end could have been achieved by their action. When our own Diocese of Zululand was faced with the choice the Bishop sent out a questionnaire to scores of educated Africans, priests, teachers and layfolk. It was largely on their opinion that the decision to allow buildings to continue to be used for educational purposes was based. For by an overwhelming majority the Africans themselves thought that we would best serve the African people by acting in this way. On the other hand, the closure of the schools would have thrown thousands of African children out on to the veld or into the streets of the towns. Instead of creating this chaos the Churches decided to rent or lease the buildings because by so doing they would ensure the African child of at least the measure of education that he had received hitherto. I would find it very hard to be ideological when giving children the bare elements of education especially if I were an African teacher (and most Africans are taught by African teachers) and my own people were at the receiving end.

There is still time to close the schools by refusing to allow Church property to be used. But that time will come when the African child begins to receive an inferior type of education. There are at present no signs of this happening.

P. G. CANNER

St. John's Rectory,
Piet Retief,
Transvaal.

PLATO AND OXBRIDGE

SIR,—I'm afraid that some of Mr. Heckstall-Smith's impatience with my letter is probably just. Yet I am surprised that he should have read Dr. Leavis' book on the University and failed to be depressed, as I was depressed, by Mr. Crossman's article. Mr. Crossman was recommending such an unqualified hostility to what he called "humanist snobbery" that it seemed necessary to draw attention to the existence of other things in Oxford and Cambridge besides the "Bloomsbury set" and the Oxford-philosophy "intelligentsia," to the existence of a responsible effort to suggest ways in which Oxford and Cambridge might play a fuller humanising role in society. Even in his time Matthew Arnold considered that it was Britain's *danger* to become too like America, and did Arnold know less about actual concrete human life than Jeremy Bentham?

Mr. Heckstall-Smith will charge me with meaningless generalisation, but I should like to suggest to him that the potential and actual importance of the University's role might become clearer if Dr. Leavis' book were read together with what D. H. Lawrence wrote about the Britain of the 1st World War and the 1920s, and with F. M. Cornford's essay on "Plato's Commonwealth" (published in *The Unwritten Philosophy and other Essays*). And perhaps the modern educationist isn't as open as Plato to the charge brought by Mr. Crossman of advocating a discipline which would distinguish itself by its "timeless abstraction from mundane reality."

J. M. NEWTON

47 Westbury Rd., N.12.

GERMAN BEDS

SIR,—Critic is puzzled about German beds. But like other small things in German life, don't they reveal a Teutonic lack of adaptability, an all-or-nothing outlook? A German casement window can only be hooked right open, or quite shut: you can't notch it half open. And if the Germans mend a road they don't do half at a time and run single-lane traffic; they do the whole width of road and divert cars several miles.

Let us export the British genius for compromise. For a start, let the British Council run bed-making courses in Bonn, with background lectures by Reginald Reynolds. And let research be done by a social anthropologist on the effect of triangular bolsters on the German character.

TIM EVENS

Kingsnorth, Kent.

SPRING BOOKS

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an announcement in Spring Books Supplement of April 14 of a volume by me on *Ethical Value* (Allen & Unwin). I wish I could have written this book, but I did not. I suspect that the entry under *Philosophy, Psychology and Religion* should read:

C. A. Mace (Ed.) *British Philosophy in the Mid-Century.*

The work I am editing, and which is being published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin, is a collection of papers given at Cambridge under the auspices of the British Council. It does, indeed, include a contribution, by Dr. A. C. Ewing, on *Recent Developments in British Ethical Thought*, but the volume attempts to survey recent developments in philosophy in all its branches.

C. A. MACE

Birkbeck College, London, W.C.1.

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LAWRENCE & WISHART

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Dream of a Lost Future

THE time is the late '70s. The place is Boston. The occasion is a dinner given for the poet Whittier by the editors of *The Atlantic Monthly*. With half an eye on publicity, they have got Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes at the table, with Howells, the *maître d'hôtel* of New England letters, presiding. The guests are gazing at the three great presences with that expectant earnestness which would blind them, temporarily, to the interesting fact that they had also with them a low-down, vulgar fellow called Mark Twain. He is going to speak. Eventually —it is Howells who tells the story in his memoir, *My Mark Twain*—the humourist rises and, aided by a few stage properties like a knife, fork and salt-cellar, does a side-splitting burlesque turn. He enlarges on the notion of three dead-beats arriving at a mining camp in California and passing themselves off—as Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes. When we say "side-splitting" we must add Howells's warning: "The humour of the conception", he says, "must prosper or fail according to the mood of the hearer". It prospered on that painful Boston evening with one guest only who, in "the tons" of silence that followed the performance let out a single "hysterical and blood-curdling" noise. It may have been a laugh.

Howells's memoir is printed in Mr. Edmund Wilson's *The Shock of Recognition**, first published in 1943 and now issued here in a new edition. Rather darkly, Mr. Wilson suggests that Twain was trying to embarrass Howells as a reward for his unceasing efforts to get him accepted in New England, but I think we need pay no attention to this attempt to extend the late frosts of contemporary psychologising to spontaneous gaiety. I mention the incident because it illustrates something of the awkwardness one half of American literature felt, and perhaps still feels, about the other. There has been no middle way. One either belonged to the high-minded, sensitive Puritan tradition, or one belonged to the lapsed Puritanism of the vulgar and vernacular. Emerson will write generously to Whitman about his poems; Whitman will grossly print the encomium on the cover of the book. Emerson will be embarrassed. And looking back, under the guidance of Mr. Wilson's admirable book, one will be struck by the inordinate amount of embarrassment in American literature.

Mr. Wilson takes his title from Melville's words: "For genius, all over the world, stands hand in hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round". Mr. Wilson's aim is to present "the developing self-conscious of the American genius from this moment in the middle of the last century, when we first really had a literature worth talking about, to the moment towards the second decade of ours when it was plain that, following the cultural slump after the Civil War, a new movement had got under way". That is to say, until American literature became independent of the English. To show this, Mr. Wilson has made a kind of anthology of the intellectual encounters of the first-rate American figures with each other. So we read Lowell, Whitman and others on Poe, Poe on Bryant and Hawthorne, Melville and Henry James on Hawthorne, John Jay Chapman on Emerson, Emerson and Lowell on Thoreau, Twain on Fenimore Cooper. We read the emotional correspondence of Sherwood Anderson with Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, we see Mencken punching the ball. Two Englishmen appear: Wells on Crane, and D. H. Lawrence on nearly everybody. Lawrence is there to show the turn of the tide: a tough, intense English genius of the lower class, quarrelling with America, hectoring America for America's good and getting prophecy out of it; rather like Emerson, too, in one respect. For both, the American dream, whether of democracy or freedom, is a self-imprisonment. The encounters are anecdotal and intellectual; but, as Mr. Wilson's own far too brief comments show, they are not selected as organised criticism or literary gossip. In criticism, Mr. Wilson's master has always been history, but history seen as an historic present, an active creator. There are no movements or influences here; only the often accidental responses that fly from writers who signal to one another for a moment before, perhaps, forgetting about one another altogether.

Mr. Wilson's book will be invaluable to English readers of American literature, for it is rich in cross-references and fills in a scene which most of us can know only in outline. Our only criticism is that there is not enough of Mr. Wilson himself. He is always pithy. He is the real critical alacrity. He knows everything but utters only the important. Three things recur continually in his selections: the anti-English rancour, the craving for English approval, the resentment of it. Yet Poe, Emerson, Twain, Hawthorne, James were greatly admired in England; less admired were the mimics like Lowell. One learned to suspect that copying at school. Lawrence was not exact when he said we regarded the older American writers as childish reading. We were all brought up on them and we recognised their alien quality, dream-like in its warmth and often frightening in its loneliness. No one thought of Thoreau as a branch of English crankiness or of Hawthorne as an aristocrat; he is not our idea of the being. He is too bloodless. There was a loss of concentrated personality in the United States which may have something to do with de Tocqueville's note on the lack of freedom of opinion there in the 1820s; personality was diffused or, rather, was slackened by one form of the communal or another. (Poor Mrs. Mark Twain was quite upset because Englishwomen were so "rude to one another".) When there are bold personalities like Thoreau, they strike one as being recalcitrant—the Puritan rebel goes one worse not one better—rather than imaginative. Again and again, these writers of the 19th century rebuke themselves for timidity; and though they are quick to suspect English patronage and dislike our awful middlingness and complacency, they are amazed by English address and independence. Yet it was in fact the American difference, the American autonomy that the sensitive English reader of the work of the period admired.

The quality that distinguishes this American literary scene from our own is self-consciousness. Unlike the Americans (or the French, for that matter), we have no feeling at all for the value of self-consciousness in the writer or in any other person. His character, his conceits, his foibles, vices, missions, even his talent, the writer may have; English society enjoys this off-hand man in its own off-hand way; he would see great harm in seeing harm in the sociable man. The notion of having a distinct, thought-out role in literature, in movements or in a developing culture is an abstract idea to be mistrusted. We are too thick-headed for the abstract. In what Mr. Wilson indulgently calls our francophile phase—a cliquish remark which we ourselves would be incapable of—we show sentimentally our sense of guilt about this though it is the kind of guilt that we soon sleep off. In America in the 19th century there is an intense consciousness of making a literature. The attacks on timidity and provincialism indicate it; and, indeed, when Mr. Wilson wants to pooh-pooh us, as he so frequently does, he likes to point out that we have inherited the old American provinciality. It is an obsession, no doubt justified, that makes him burst out with this about Poe:

> . . . literary America has always resented in Poe the very superiority which made him so quickly an international figure. . . . It seems hard to explain . . . the general hostility toward him which has haunted us ever since, except on the grounds that he puts us out by making so much of our culture seem second rate.

Yet, when one looks at the criticism that Mr. Wilson prints in this book, there is little either of timidity or of that bright rashness which springs from the same roots. As for the provincial, it is arguable that Boston is innately so and always has been: purse-proud, highbrow, and unrefreshed by low or high life. Poe is sometimes merely aggressive but he is laying down principles as he writes his hurried articles; he examines poetry technically; he sets out the famous dogma of the short work of art; he distinguishes between peculiarity and originality. He asks firmly if there is anything respectable to be said for allegory and asserts that *The Pilgrim's Progress* is a ludicrously over-rated book and gives his reasons. Poe on Hawthorne, James on Hawthorne, Twain's wild yet serious fun with Cooper's fundamental literary errors, John Jay Chapman's excellent defence of Emerson—a defence that suggests, as Mr. Wilson says, that he has been grossly neglected simply because New England idealism was so suddenly eclipsed by Big Business—all these are well organised, hard-thought statements.

About Cooper and Twain, Mr. Wilson makes a point of great illumination for the foreign reader. When the laughter about Cooper's hunting narratives and dialogue has died down, Twain (Mr. Wilson says) was not quite right after all:

> *The Deerslayer* is not a picture of actual life, but a kind of romantic myth like the stories of Poe, Melville and Hawthorne . . . the action does have a reality which we recognised as we read: the reality of a dream full of danger.

The American preoccupation with fable lasts into

* *The Shock of Recognition* Edited by EDMUND WILSON. *W. H. Allen* 45s.

the work of Henry James and we have seen it crop up again as late as the early and the more recent work of Hemingway. In the 19th century, Mr. Wilson explains this by the shallowness and fluidity of society:

> We had no such soil for personalities as Dickens or Tolstoy, say, had; where characters could take roots and ripen like the cucumbers and vegetable marrows that Mrs. Nickleby's eccentric neighbours used to throw over the wall, or perfect themselves each in its species like the bears and the wolves and the woodcocks that the country people in Tolstoy loved to hunt.

In spite of Mark Twain's demand for realism, *Huckleberry Finn* is still a dream. The dream remains the central preoccupation until American society settles. It takes many forms. In *Huckleberry Finn* it is what D. H. Lawrence, in one of the occasional direct hits of his *Studies in Classical American Literature*, calls the idea of the "masterless man." And, by the way, is Lawrence not the only writer, English or American, who has written about American literature with passion, even though this passion may have deluded him? The dream is the dream of a lost future, not of a lost past. Emerson's oversoul and all those other clouds of his are of the same substance. The qualities of warmth, indolence, slackness, shrewdness, leisure and relaxedness which used to strike us in our early reading, even the obsession with sin—*The Scarlet Letter*—or the vulgar side of it, in Franklin's pinchbeck maxims, are related to the instinct for fable. Bible-reading is probably responsible for all of it. So strong and distinctly native is this quality, that I find it hard to pay much attention to the well-worn literary theory that American literature in the 19th century was in a state of transition between America and Europe. Long before, the deliberate mind, with its taste for the abstract, the Latinised and analytical had been formed. The hesitation or the timidity was in the intermediaries of culture. In this sense, the cultured classes in America—and indeed elsewhere—have been the real sycophants.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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  The fourth wall is the sea.
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  Sometimes rolled away,
Sometimes troubled and towering comes
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Sitting or swimming is a question where
  We in the sea's life share.

In the pool's depth the cloud's reflection
  Quakes like curds in a bowl;
And at my breath the surface shudders
  Then again is still
As when the lighthouse flashing breaks
  And then restores the dark.
So clear, the minnows seem to swim in air
  And in the sky's life share.

The sticklebacked and brackeny headland
  Nosing in the bay
Is where I kinged an impregnable castle
  In my minnow day:
I am gazing into the pool, and watch
  That minnow life, but cannot reach it;
Through years like water I watch, so near, so clear,
  A life I cannot share.

ANNE RIDLER

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Beyond the Shadow of the Holy Mountain

Visits to Monasteries of the Levant. By ROBERT CURZON. *Arthur Barker* 25*s*.

The Waters of Marah. By PETER HAMMOND. *Rockliff* 21*s*.

During the last three hundred years the views of the Orthodox Church generally prevailing among English Christians have ranged from the wistfully sympathetic to the openly contemptuous, but they have seldom been informed with any very profound understanding. The former found eccentric expression in such gestures as that of the saintly Hawker of Morwenstoe who habitually wore his top-hat upside-down as a compliment to the Oecumenical Patriarch; the latter were asserted in their most dogmatic form by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu who held that "no body of men were ever more ignorant and more corrupt" than "the Greek priests who are the greatest scoundrels in the Universe." At one moment during the seventeenth century there had, it is true, been signs of some progress towards mutual understanding but owing to the fact that the Anglican divines were exclusively interested in the doctrine of the Real Presence, on which controversial subject they hoped for Orthodox support for their own, as opposed to the Roman view, the expected *rapprochement* failed, leaving behind a painful, although not wholly justified, impression of Greek evasiveness in the senior common rooms of Oxford. Later, the peculiar flavour which Gibbonian usage had given to the term Byzantine, combined with the well publicised subservience of Church to State in Holy Russia to create in English minds an imaginary picture of the average Orthodox bishop embodying the less attractive features of Richelieu and Rasputin; an illusion which, judging by the apprehensions aroused in 1944 by the emergence of the late Archbishop Damaskinos, retained a remarkable vitality in the highest circles. As to the lower clergy they were known to wear their hair in buns, which was ridiculous and unmanly, and had been described by an English nobleman, of unimpeachable veracity and wide experience, as ignorant and slothful.

The Hon. Robert Curzon, writing of the Greek monasteries some twenty or more years after his first and only visit, was neither wilfully misleading nor wholly unjustified. Poverty and persecution in small doses may well nourish the spiritual life, but such a regime prolonged over four hundred years has inevitably a debilitating effect. The wonder is not that monastic life in the remoter parts of the Ottoman Empire was as depressing as Curzon found it, but that it had managed to survive at all. Moreover, while accepting his strictures at their face value, the reader must always bear in mind that he was, albeit perhaps unconsciously, naturally inclined to emphasise the intellectual shortcomings and cultural squalor of the hosts whom he was about to relieve of their inherited bibliographical treasures at bargain rates.

However, the title notwithstanding, it is not for his account of Greek monasticism that one welcomes this new edition of Curzon but for the great set-pieces of Victorian reportage—the journey over the Metsovo pass, the description of Cairo under Mehemet Ali, and, above all, for that masterpiece of the macabre, the panic at the Holy Sepulchre. It may not be another *Eothen* (Kinglake was a creative artist, Curzon a bibliophile with a talent for descriptive writing) but in the long range of nineteenth-century Mediterranean travel literature it shares with Lear's diaries the honourable position of next best.

Readers of Curzon may well have formed the impression that the Greek Orthodox was an exclusively monastic church, and few subsequent writers in the same field have encouraged them to look beyond Athos and the Meteora. Since the late Robert Byron first set foot there, the shadow of the Holy Mountain has stretched far beyond Thasos and has almost obliterated the humble village *pappas* and all his works, and it is not the least of the many merits of Mr. Hammond's admirable book that it contains so detailed and sympathetic a picture of parochial life. In the average Greek village lacking squire, doctor, or any resident rentiers, the priest, whose appointment to what it would be folly to describe as a living (seeing that he must continue in his lay employment to keep alive), is the work, not of bishop or patron, but the free vote of his fellow villagers, plays a role of which the average English parson can have no conception. On his shoulders falls the tricky responsibility of negotiating with the lay authorities, as often as not represented by the Pasha, the Herr Oberst or the Commissar, and it is he who will be the first to suffer if things go wrong. Those who today so loudly deplore Greek priests' inability to refrain from meddling in politics should bear in mind that the memory of the last of the long line of the servants of God (who were also, in a very real sense, servants of their people), who suffered martyrdom under the Turks, was still green when the first victims fell before the German and Bulgarian firing squads, and that this bloody work was enthusiastically continued by the Communists until 1949.

The want which this book so admirably fills is not the less pressing for being, perhaps, neither widely nor long felt. For the Anglican, who has for so long been accustomed to visualise the Universal Church in terms of High and Low with Rome at the summit, Geneva at the bottom and the dear old C. of E. sitting in quiet dignity on the middle rungs, this account of a church in which such distinctions are totally meaningless should be compulsory reading.

In particular the attention of those who assume that the quickening breath of evangelism is only to be experienced in the bracing atmosphere of Protestantism is directed to the author's account of the Zoë movement, the first, as far as the present writer knows, to appear in this country. For the Hellenic tourist who has eyes for anything later than the fifth century and wishes to know something of the life of the country in which he finds himself it will prove quite invaluable. And even for the journalist it may have its points, for, unlike the majority of Anglo-Saxon tycoons (with the notable exception of Lord Beaverbrook) even Mr. Onassis is not entirely explicable without reference to his religious background.

OSBERT LANCASTER

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Gallipoli

Gallipoli. By ALAN MOOREHEAD. *Hamish Hamilton*. 21*s*.

News of battle quickly goes dead and survivors from fields, stricken or otherwise, if they want to avoid becoming bores, keep their reminiscences for the dwindling companies at old comrades' reunions. The ghost of My Uncle Toby leans over the chair of every ancient warrior who feels his wounds pricking. Mr. Moorehead is well aware of this fact and he has made no mistake in choosing to write about a campaign which was lost long before he was old enough to report it. Gallipoli is an exception to the rule that military history makes hard reading. It has everything that makes a good story.

It did not last too long. The setting, with its Homeric background and its marvellous changes of sun and moonlight, is enough to make the mouths of Hollywood producers water. The cast is all-star. Churchill, still just too young to have weight enough to insist on having those grave matters put fully to the proof, but capable of getting them tested at half-cock; Fisher, the old man of the sea, as vintage a character as ever strayed from quarter-deck to Cabinet room and, by 1915, pretty well gaga; Kitchener, the Father Figure of 1914, more and more out of his depth in war on world scale; Hamilton, as gay and gallant a soldier and as eloquent a writer of dispatches as ever commanded an expeditionary force; Stopford, "the placid, prudent elderly English gentleman" (the phrase is the resentful Churchill's); Keyes, just not senior enough to impose on the desk admirals his will to launch actions in which half of those engaged were killed and the other half got V.C.s; Kemal, low in the Turkish Army List but with a fire burning in his breast, unknown to anyone except the Fate, that was to weld him into a dictator—no chapter in the history of war can eclipse this company for richness and variety.

Then—always a bull point for English readers—we were beaten. It is in vain for our official historian to argue, as he does, that, at the expense of a casualty list less than double that on the first day of the Somme, we destroyed the flower of the Turkish army, safeguarded the Suez Canal and laid the foundation of Turkey's final defeat. The fact remains that we did not take the peninsula, force the Narrows or open up the Mediterranean to the Russian grain ships. We had to sneak off like thieves in the night and to count ourselves lucky that the huge and ghastly butchers' bill foreseen by the pundits did not have to be paid.

Mr. Moorehead catches the flavour of all this; he reduced war reporting to a fine art of honesty, clarity and readability in the last war, and this skilled craftsmanship has stood him in good stead in visiting the scenes in which his fellow countrymen of his father's generation won the glorious name of Anzacs. His eye for significant detail is unerring. The failure of the fleet to realise that it was kicking at an open goal—easier to see now than at the time—leads him to the Harley Street specialist, serving on the spot, who pronounced Carden to be on the edge of a nervous collapse. He does not miss Kitchener following Fisher to the window and persuading him to stop sulking for the moment and to take his seat again at the council table.

The Turks prepare to dynamite St. Sophia as

the doubts and dissensions of the Allies grow. An all-important telegram is lost. The French sailors are inspired to seek "*immortalité*" by offering to assist the army in "*son action énergique et rude.*" But action, brave, bloody and repeated though it is, proceeds vainly in the absence of maps and tactical or even strategical plans that have much relevance to the positions of the enemy. The dramatic values of the terrain are caught. Troops find themselves, now, "in the midst of the moon landscape of the Sari Bair range" and then, looking up at "Achi Baba, with a field of scarlet poppies on its crest, still before them, unshaken on the skyline."

The small change of human interest which enlivens even the grimmest campaign is noted. As the brass hats confer—"the Turkish Beys in their gold lace, the British Generals in their red tabs . . . an Australian soldier, not knowing or caring about what was going on inside the dugout, put his head round the canvas flap and demanded, 'Have any of you bastards got my kettle?'". Mr. Moorehead's final paragraphs describing the lonely cemeteries as they are today are a beautiful piece of prose. His fairness to all commanders grappling, however stupidly, with mountainous difficulties is matched by his warmth of feeling. He never tries to score points, as he could easily have done, and he never over-writes.

There is only one blemish on his book, and it is a bad one. He describes the Australians and the New Zealanders and the tributes paid to them by observers from the old country with well-justified thoroughness, but he scamps the rest of that mixed force. An earlier Australian historian pointed out that the share of the Anzacs in the Dardanelles, though a major one, was only a part. The French casualties were nearly as great as theirs; and the British lost nearly three times as many. Mr. Moorehead has evidently not meant to do injustice to this balance. But there is too little in his narrative that would lead new readers to understand why, for instance, Hamilton wrote, in his Final Dispatch,

> Here, for a mile and a half, there is nothing to conceal a mouse, much less some of the most stalwart soldiers England has ever sent from her shores. Despite the critical events in other parts of the field, I could hardly take my glasses from the Yeomen; they moved like men marching on parade.

That criticism apart, Mr. Moorehead has brought off a war history to equal his war reporting.

T. ATKINS

A Warning and A Lesson

The Civil Service: Some Human Aspects. By FRANK DUNNILL. *Allen & Unwin.* 18s.

In writing an account of the British Constitution it is usual, when the main topics have been dealt with, to devote some space to the Civil Service. "Impartiality of," "Non-specialist character," perhaps "Crichel Down—a warning and a lesson"—the banal and rather pious headings flow easily from the pen. We can all write about the Civil Service because we all know about it; it is an element alike in our learning and our daily lives. Contrariwise, we know nothing about it at all. It is far more mysterious and challenging a subject than the Cabinet or the two-party system, and when a new Bagehot arises he may well make the Civil Service the focal point of his great picture of our institutions.

It is no burden upon anyone interested in these institutions to read every book on the Civil Service that appears. They are very few; and those that say anything of value are fewer still. To say something of value it is necessary to take a sharply focussed view, to take up a personal position, even to strike an attitude—it is a combination of these factors which gives its special tone to H. E. Dale's *The Higher Civil Service of Great Britain*, which it is time now to recognise as a classic. Mr. Dunnill's modest book has the sharply focussed view, and something of a personal position, and

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in a modest way—perhaps it is a little too modest—it says something of value.

The focus is upon the Civil Servants of the middling senior sort, excluding professional and specialist grades, and extending roughly from Higher Executive Officers on a salary scale opening at £830 to Assistant Secretaries on a salary scale closing at £2,200. This range includes not only nine grades but two *classes*, the Administrative and the Executive. Traditionally, and in the popular conception, the Administrative Class consists of men like its present Head, Sir Edward Bridges—Eton, Magdalen, All Souls and the Athenaeum; while the Executive Class consists of Sergeant-major-like individuals who probably spend a good deal of time standing at the salute or its civilian equivalent. This conception has never been very sound, and Mr. Dunnill demonstrates how very inaccurate it is today, when so many Administrative posts are filled by internal promotion, and when so many of the younger Executives have a kind of restless and ambitious intelligence which is not common in the Old Guard.

The Old Guard of the Executive Class is indeed by way of being Mr. Dunnill's bogy, the people who make the Civil Service what we all regret that it is: dilatory, stiff, inhuman, "out of touch with the realities of the modern world." Indeed, there is a good deal in this. Everyone who knows the Civil Service knows the kind of formidable and monolithic figure Mr. Dunnill has in mind, an immovable monument of red tape. It is only fair to say that Mr. Dunnill recognises their virtues, their meticulous honesty, fairness, devotion to duty, and their sense of dignity of a Service which they would never willingly let down. But he clearly thinks that, as a class, they have survived too long the frock-coat era in which they began their careers. They ought to give way to successors among whom the fading Administrative-Executive division is formally abolished, flexible and modern-minded men and women who will be a little less high-falutin' about academic standards on the one hand and departmental dignity on the other, who will think of themselves less as "secretaries" and more as "managers," and who will be a bit more matey both with business men and old age pensioners.

It sounds eminently sensible, modern, humane. And yet—and yet—do we really want a Civil Service based upon the techniques of personnel management, growing daily in public admiration and esteem? Probably we do, but it will bear thinking about. So we are in Mr. Dunnill's debt.

J. D. SCOTT

HENRY
CECIL

Friends at Court [12/6]
"Very funny" NEWS CHRONICLE

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KEITH

BARE FEET IN THE PALACE [18/-]
"Life in a tropical island (the Philippines) . . . Her attitude to life is a credit to our civilisation . . . Her writings are conspicuous for warmth of heart and openness of mind . . . and her books deserve their popularity."—*Raymond Mortimer* in THE SUNDAY TIMES.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

A Little Monologue

The English Sense of Humour and Other Essays. By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Constable.* 15*s.*

All About Ourselves and Other Essays. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. Chosen and introduced by ERIC GILLETT. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Somewhere on the bill at your local Hippodrome, sandwiched between Gipsy Oloroso and The Only Chinese Nudes in Europe, there usually comes a performance by the traditional English double act. This consists of a beery, ragamuffin comedian and his straight man, or "feed." The latter comes on first—an earnest, put-upon character with a near-cultivated accent, plausibly dressed in the tails and white waistcoat of an Edwardian toff. In private life, he might be an unsuccessful conjurer, or a mid-morning B.B.C. baritone down on his luck. Stepping up to the footlights, he clears his throat. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announces, "a little monologue entitled: 'The Light that Failed.'—'It's a funny old world we live in: The world's not entirely to blame'—". He never gets any further: it's doubtful, indeed, whether he could. For at this moment, twice nightly, his ebullient partner pants on to the stage, his mangled evening dress bursting round his middle; and from then on, with fruity jokes, regional accents, and heavy winks at the gallery, it's all feasting and fun. At the end of the act, shedding their motley, the two staunch clowns sing "There'll always be an England"; and they bow their way out of the limelight amid thunderous popular applause. *Mutatis mutandis*, and with no offence to anyone, this is a fair description of the two essayists under review.

Sir Harold Nicolson, of course, is the straight man of this uneasy partnership. The title essay of his collection was originally published by the Dropmore Press in 1946: the remaining pieces, on "The Health of Authors," "Tennyson's Two Brothers," "Swinburne and Baudelaire," and so on, are chiefly reprints of previous lectures and articles. Faithful readers of Sir Harold's weekly columns will certainly find in them the famous "cultivation" and "urbanity" which make his writing a fit accompaniment to certain distinguished tobaccos and the architecture of most London banks. Like all his works, they triumphantly pass the test prescribed for historians by the late Mr. Philip Guedalla, of being readily translatable into Latin prose. Less friendly readers, remembering their author's appearance as "the Hon. Harold Chilleywater" in a novel by Ronald Firbank, may well find *The English Sense of Humour* a rather frigid volume, scorning (as it seems to) the innocent puns of *Punch*'s Charivaria, and analysing with factitious pedantry the whimsical humour of Lear's limericks and the grim relish of wartime bomb-stories. All this, of course, may yet be delicious irony, too subtle for my crude perceptions. Even now, you may be purring quietly at the memory of those fine distinctions, that lofty and impeccable syntax. If so, forgive me. I can only add, in fairness, that Sir Harold's more serious subjects are treated with much more liveliness; that he regards *Itma*, with patriotic nostalgia, as "an admirable exhibit of the English sense of humour"; and that, in the right company, his pseudo-forensic solemnity is probably rattling good fun.

It's a relief, none the less, when his polite monologue is interrupted by Jolly Jack. Huge and shapeless in baggy old tweeds, half-invisible through dense clouds of tobacco-smoke, the comic half of the partnership barges towards his "feed." "A funny thing happened to me as I was coming to the theatre tonight . . . "—and we're off: off into hilarious or beguiling adventures, in dim hotels for "Family and Commercial," in terrible parties where hostesses ask the wrong questions, in anglers' inns and intimidating tailors' shops, in village theatricals and Belgian river-boats. Reading Mr. Priestley's rumblings in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, you may have pictured him as a jovial but disgruntled jeer-leader forever lamenting that these highbrow chaps don't get more fun out of the atomic age. Remembering his wartime *Postscripts*, you may think of him as a blend of Commander Campbell, Bunny Doyle, and the Radio Padre. Or you may remember *The Good Companions*; or the time plays; or that strange At Home on television. But it's pretty clear, as Mr. Priestley confesses someone once told him, that the simplicity of his writing masks a great deal of sophistication. You can see it at work in the different stages of these essays, adroitly garnered here from all periods of his literary lifetime. His masters, one gathers, were Hazlitt, Lamb, Chesterton, and Belloc: some of his earlier pieces have the earthy, beer-and-brogues tang of a forgotten age. Some of them, too, betray its penchant for over-fine writing, that little-touch-of-Dornford-in-the-night. As the years passed, the style became more fluent, less jewelled and mannered; but the charm, the hypnotic power, only grew. Chatty, humble, confiding, it now has the easy amenability of a good brown ale. You may find it too diluted. You may chafe at the stage tricks—the tweeds, the knobbly pipe, the undiscarded vowels of Yorkshire, the pratfalls prepared for "intellectuals." Inside the bulky man-o'-letters, you may claim to recognise the inevitable thin man—no longer wildly signalling to be let out, but now suggesting more subtle poses for his shrewd and manly captor. All this I grant you: but hokum, after all, has long been part of the essayist's stock-in-trade; and Mr. Priestley himself is well aware of the fact. "I know it is the fashion," he says, "among men who write essays to pretend to be more idle and ignorant than they really are." This occurs in an essay dated 1928—and one which exploits that selfsame gimmick. Nowadays, no doubt, he'd be more subtle; but the paradox still remains. To trace it through this anthology is rewarding, instructive, and immensely enjoyable. After so much amusement I'm happy to suffer "There'll always be an England," that bass-baritone *obbligato* for which both our performers join forces—in different keys.

RICHARD MAYNE

Fallen Pillars

The Desert and the Stars. By FLORA ARMITAGE. *Faber.* 25*s.*

England and the Middle East (1914-21). By ELIE KEDOURIE. *Bowes & Bowes.* 30*s.*

It now looks as though Mr. Aldington's biography of Lawrence of Arabia will not survive the malevolent and well-directed barrage of criticism which it provoked. The English literary establishment, having failed to kill the book before birth, has slaughtered it in early infancy. Nevertheless, it has largely achieved its purpose. Those of us who read it and were not already prejudiced in Lawrence's favour, now find it impossible to regard him with anything except contemptuous tolerance. We did not know the man, or belong to that extraordinary network of human beings, from cabinet ministers to private soldiers, who enjoyed his friendship; we are, therefore, oblivious to his charm and see only the half-pitiful, half-comic figure of the persistent liar who was caught out. The late Harold Laski has also been damaged in this way, but whereas Laski kept his work and his fantasies in rigidly

separate compartments, with Lawrence truth and lies were inextricably mixed in frustrating confusion. We do not know what to believe; therefore, we believe very little of what he wrote, and even for that we require corroborating evidence.

It was important that any biographer of Lawrence, writing after the publication of Aldington's work and wishing to correct its ill-balance, should have taken note of this fact. Unfortunately, Miss Flora Armitage, a genteel and trusting lady, quite clearly has not. Indeed, it is obvious that her book was compiled before Aldington's appeared, and she has not judged it necessary to attempt any large-scale revision. True, she deals with the offending volume in an appendix, but she is too outraged, too withering—a headmistress who has caught a sixth-former cheating—to convince a sceptical observer who does not happen to share her religious zeal; and the general tone of her book—one of goggling (though unfortunately not speechless) admiration—appears strange in the light of Aldington's findings. *The Desert and the Stars* is, in short, a work of pious devotion, which will doubtless give much pleasure to the ageing members of the Lawrence Bureau, but which the general reader will find tedious and unhelpful. Miss Armitage, so far as I can see, never knew Lawrence. How, then, can she write such speculative prose as ". . . there seemed a latent power in his movements, a hidden vigour less physical than mental which was brought into play at will: like the unfolding of wings which reveals the hidden propensity for flight"? Or describe Lawrence as "beatific as the image of a sun-god"? Or, more painfully still, deliver such a judgment as:

> The truth is that his standard of sensibility began where most men's leave off. What he complained of, what he lamented the lack of so in himself and desired so ardently was a supersensitiveness transcending the ability of physical senses and passing over into the inexpressible realm of the spirit.

Readers who are prepared to digest such fine writing in the hope of finding a clear and objective account of Lawrence's life will be sadly disappointed. There is a great deal of the pseudo-psychological speculation of the kind in which Lawrence "scholars" indulge, but the book lacks a firm narrative line. In particular, its treatment of the central episode in Lawrence's life—the Desert Revolt—is cursory and confusing. After all, what we want to know most about Lawrence is not how he reacted to his illegitimacy, or to his flogging by Turkish soldiers, but the importance of the role he played in a decisive phase of Middle Eastern history. But this, apparently, is an aspect of Lawrence's life which Miss Armitage finds tiresome and unimportant.

By contrast, Mr. Kedourie's monograph contains a valuable and judicious estimate of Lawrence's political work. The author explains why Lawrence accepted the 1921 settlement, although it left Abdullah and Feisal as mere British puppets, and gave Syria to his bitter enemies, the French. At heart, despite his passionate utterances in the *Seven Pillars*, Lawrence did not believe in unfettered Arab nationalism. "Constructive politics," he wrote, "an organised state . . . are not only beyond [the Arabs'] capacity but anathema to their instincts. Unless we or our Allies make an efficient Arab empire, there will never be more than a discordant mosaic of provincial administrations." Lawrence's considered view, in fact, was that the old Turkish empire should be replaced, at least temporarily, by a British one, ruling indirectly through Hashemite sovereigns. He assumed that the part Britain had played in the revolt, together with her wise assistance and council, would forge bonds of friendship which would survive the day when the Arab states reached full nationhood.

It is true, of course, that Lawrence soon washed his hands of Arab affairs—not, as Mr. Kedourie rightly observes, out of disgust, but out of boredom. Lawrence's enthusiasm was transitory, his advocacy motiveless and hollow:

> Ultimately he was not interested in ideas. . . . He was a doctrinaire empty of doctrine, and a partisan without a party. He was oblivious to the consequences of his actions on others, of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood. What interested him rather were his own emotions, and to see how he could manipulate events.

Nevertheless, serious or frivolous, impostor or not, Lawrence set not merely the tone but the direction of British policy in this area between the wars. He was the first professional champion of the Arabs, and like all his successors he consistently underestimated Arab ingratitude and the explosive force of nationalism which made such ingratitude inevitable. Hence he could contrast the stability of Iraq and Transjordan, prospering under British tutelage, with the misrule and profligacy of the independent kingdom of Saudi Arabia ("It is a figment built on sand . . . it will pass"). His views, unfortunately, became the stock-in-trade of a whole generation of British soldiers, administrators, oil executives and diplomats. Blindly applied (as Lawrence, surely, would not have done), they have brought us not the friendship but the hatred of the Arab peoples. Today, the kingdoms which Lawrence helped to create are tottering, and it is Egypt and Saudi Arabia, both of which he discounted, which are now in the ascendant. The real Lawrence myth ended not with the publication of Mr. Aldington's biography, but with the contemptuous expulsion of Glubb Pasha.

PAUL JOHNSON

New Novels

The Heart of a Rose. By SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH. *Constable.* 15*s.*

The Aristocrats. By MICHEL DE SAINT-PIERRE. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Company of Heaven. By JULIAN CALLENDER. *Wingate.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

"Enemies of pleasure"—the phrase is Mr. Raymond Mortimer's and at an Aristippan level it accounts for a whole galaxy of writers, ranging from Leopardi to Zola and Léon Bloy. Because the contemporary novel-reviewer (and novel-reader) has all too good reason to know what it means, let me say at once that each of these three books is a powerful proponent of pleasure, conscious or unconscious, and that I have been amused and instructed in unequal proportions by all of them.

The Heart of a Rose will seduce longest; its style is a fine preservative. It is exotic and romantic without ever for a second lapsing into preciosity. When he pleases, Mr. Harcourt-Smith can make his style move at the speed of a Verdi *finale*, yet his book has a patina and a finish that have almost disappeared from contemporary fiction. It is less a novel than an evocation of Venice in the Sixties. Goose-feathers are flying in the Ghetto, snow chokes the Salute, Anglo-Indian topees stud the Grand Canal. In the dark mysterious Palazzo Prince Calier's monkey shrieks "*Morte all' Austria!*" at the unsuspecting visitor. The handsome English museum director out to buy Veronese's "Trojan Horse" finds himself infatuated by a lovely revolutionary. There are bombs, conspiracies, heart-ache, all amid masked balls, Austrian hatchments and *scaldini*. There is also a good deal of exquisite comedy in the person of Mr. Horsebrugh, a British Consul of dubious tastes—the keen ecclesiologist and rather dirty Wykehamist of Mr. Betjeman's poem. This is a Venice that would have startled Henry James, given Ruskin a headache and reduced Thomas Mann's Teuton to immediate palpitations.

What are Mr. Harcourt-Smith's models? Meredith, perhaps, crossed with the early un-guilt-ridden Huxley. He has Huxley's ability to make architecture and works of art solid to the reader's imagination and in a world where *Kunsthistorische* has become largely a synonym for pedantry joined to a complete lack of heart and mind, this is refreshing. As readers of his *Alberoni* well know, Mr. Harcourt-Smith owes everything, including his æsthetics, to a historical imagination as good as any in contemporary literature. "He had," he writes of his hero's mentor, "helped Matthew develop an instant sense of how men felt and how they saw at a particular moment in the world's history, a perception which, he had always said, deserved the highest honours." I think this book deserves very high honours indeed. It contains some of the best prose written in the last ten years and it must therefore be taken slowly. "This is a delicate dessert wine," I remember reading once on one of M. André Simon's menu cards, "sip it." Mr. Harcourt-Smith's novel is to be sipped.

Can you imagine a Burgundian Mrs. Thirkell? If so, you will have caught the flavour of *Les Aristocrates*, a book that has enjoyed an immense prestige success in France and has now been translated in rather headlong Thirkellian fashion by Mr. Geoffrey Sainsbury. We are in the heart of the green duchy, amid the garganeys, wild duck and every sort of feudal feathered friend. The Marquis, M. de Maubrun, is up in his bedroom reading Saint-Simon for the umpteenth time, his Jesuit son is saying Mass in the family chapel, Edouard, the Surrealist spiv, is warbling the poems of Henri Michaux, Arthus, the eldest, who has wisely escaped from the family stranglehold and grown rich in the Levant, is tearing round in a Buick. The Twins, a couple of dreadful Saki fifteen-year-olds, are duelling with shooting rifles. Good apple-cheeked Félicie is in her kitchen, preparing her famous *vol-au-vent au madère*, honest forelock-touching Paul is in the stables mixing hot gruel and spirits of turpentine for a mare with the colic. Tante Corysande is dreaming of *placement*, Tante Mathilde is upstairs refusing to die.

The book goes on like that for almost all the time. Personally, I enjoyed every moment of it, especially when—the discrepancy is either M. de Saint-Pierre's or his translator's—the Marquis lit his pipe over the *friture de perche*. The only thing that worried me was the close season at Maubrun. How on earth did they survive it? "Last year," remarks the sinister Jansenist in M.

V. S. Pritchett

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Mauriac's play, *L'Asmodée*, "we read *War and Peace*." "Yes," replies the chatelaine, "and we never got through it. Though God knows the winter was long enough." One feels that the House of Maubrun would have romped through *War and Peace*, not to speak of the complete Saint-Simon, in no time. As farce about chateau life, this book is immense fun. But as a serious picture of French gracious living—*Fichtre*!

In one of the most asinine blurbs ever written the publishers of *Company of Heaven* proclaim that "There have been few works about life in the Church since the cosy days of Trollope, but this is Trollope re-written with something very like the vitriol of a Dean Swift. As such, it is a book which demands an answer from every Anglican pulpit in the land." Corinna in Barchester Close! What Mr. Callender (whose name "cloaks the identity of a clergyman of the Church of England") has done is to write a waspish, bitter and at times extremely amusing account of a young priest's life as a deacon in Surrey ("Catholic Prayer Book"), master at a minor public school (Evangelical) and curate in an East End parish (Anglo-Catholic Socialist: "the Magnificat is the Marseillaise of the Church"). The book has some good professional touches and has obviously been written out of a great deal of what the *D.N.B.* calls "private knowledge." It also has a nice line in *odium theologicum*:

> The Principal [of the Theological College] read the fourth leader in *The Times*, and the few paragraphs headed "Ecclesiastical." When someone he knew figured in the lists of preferment he bit his lips, and was noticeably irritable in the Doctrine period.
>
> "*Lutron anti pollon*," he would say. "A ransom for many. In Codices Bezae, Vaticanus, Sinaiticus; in the Syriac, the Coptic, the Ethiopic. How does Bishop Barnes explain that away?"

With all Mr. Callender's talk of "frustrated spinsters," "soured matrons" and sadistic clerics, I am surprised that he has chosen to remain in the priesthood. This book is not effective enough to cause scandal. It reads like the fruit of too many professional grudges, and remains only a disloyal and mildly good joke.

JOHN RAYMOND

The Green Man

John Clare. His Life and Poetry. By JOHN and ANNE TIBBLE. *Heinemann.* 25*s*.

The events in John Clare's simple though mysterious life have been well charted in our time, an age speculatively concerned with the nature of genius if not very apt to produce it. Sensitive and perceptive essays on the poet, by Mr. Middleton Murry, Mr. Grigson, Mr. Reeves and other excellent critics, abound. Diligent pioneer work has been done—chiefly by the authors of the present volume—in the mass of Clare manuscripts. It is nearly a quarter of a century since Professor and Mrs. Tibble published what still remains the standard Clare biography; since then, they have edited volumes of his poetry, letters and prose—all of them worth pursuing. This latest work gives fuller attention to the poetry; but, though more astringent than their earlier study, the book seems oddly blunt and obscured, as if the details were too well known to be considered afresh.

And yet the tale hangs on such details. Clare (1793-1864) was a village labourer's son who had, in a slight but unmistakable way, the kind of natural gift on which the vitality of any literature depends. Early in life he discovered the magic power of words.

> Poetry was a troublesomely pleasant companion annoying and cheering me at my toils I coud not stop my thoughts and often faild to keep them till night so when I fancyd I had hit upon a good image or natural description I used to steal into a corner . . . and clap it down . . . upon the crown of my hat. . . . My heart burnt over the pleasures of solitude and the restless revels of rhyme that was eternally sapping my memorys like the summer sun over the tinkling brook till it one day shoud leave them dry and unconscious of the thrilling joys busy anxietys and restlessness which it had created.

"In my boyhood," he noted, "Solitude was the most talkative vision I met with Birds bees trees flowers all talked to me louder than the busy hum of men." The Acts of Enclosure, which changed the pattern of rural England, also marked the end of his harmonious early days. As a young man he worked at gardening, labouring, lime-burning, and, ironically enough, with the gangs that carried out the enclosing of the local land. Can it be that some of today's Northamptonshire hedges are of Clare's planting? A bookseller showed interest in the poems, and a volume which appeared in 1820 sold remarkably well; but his cautious publisher, who had Keats and other slow-moving poets on his hands, waited too long to follow it up.

Poverty of the slow sort finally defeated Clare. He was far from being a bohemian dilettante who felt that the world owed him a living; but even with the cautious grants of benevolent patrons, with field work and with writing, he could never earn enough to keep his large family other than wretchedly. And then a book, a quire of paper, in the curious economy of the day, might cost a quarter of a labouring man's weekly wages. There were danger signals: rambling and melancholia. "Good heavens, Johnny," wrote his kindly mentor Mrs. Emmerson, "how can you sink down to such apathy?" Exhortation was no cure for care. The last thirty years of Clare's life were spent in mental asylums—enlightened places enough for their time—but still a forced uprooting from his home. Yet the shift in focus was to turn him from a freshly charming pastoral poet into a haunting and sometimes a brilliant one. The poetry of external nature had flashed into what we might now call the poetry of impressionism.

In the asylum years Clare identified himself with figures of social power and physical authority—Byron, Nelson, certain prizefighters. Yet in his poetic life he never claimed to be anything but the countryman he was. The grass-green coat that was his choice in those few bright years of London fame and friends, the coat that Hood described as "shining verdantly out from the grave-coloured suits of the literati," has, as we look back, a symbolic air. Unlike Wordsworth, unlike Edward Thomas even, Clare, the Green Man of poetry, was always the servant of the land and not its guest; he knew it at its coarsest and most harsh. Yet his love of nature never fell short of passion. Even the simplest descriptive poems have a touch of this fever—once the reader accepts that it is the observation itself that holds the intensity. His note on Keats's over-literary vision of nature—a Greek goddess behind every bush—is shrewd and intelligent. Clare was no landscape poet. He did not perceive the unremarkable local scene in vistas but in miniature detail. As Dickens saw people, Clare seems always to have seen his rural world from a child's level, each object slightly more insistent than in life. A flat Northampton field would thus be a paradise of little plants, fragile insects, snail shells, grasses, weeds, "the heaving grasshopper in his delicate green bouncing from stub to stub" or, overhead, "the wild geese skudding along and making all the letters of the alphabet as they flew."

But there were further reasons why Clare should be imaginatively rooted in his past, why he could write

> Were people all to feel as I do, the world could not be carried on—a green would not be ploughed—a bush or tree would not be cut for firing or furniture, and everything they found when boys would remain in that state till they died.

In that time he had known the pre-Enclosure landscape; he had been free then, and only then, from heavy responsibilities; he had walked on equal terms with Mary Joyce, too far above him in later years to marry—the Glinton girl who became the symbol of all loss and all desire, his dream wife and guardian spirit in his years of madness.

It would be a mistake to assume too much

naivety in Clare's achievement. Simple his vision may have been before the asylum years—but writing itself is a sophisticated matter. The rural poet, no less than any other kind, must come to literature through literature, and pass through an almost artificial stage before he can reach his own kind of simplicity. Clare (who worked his way through Thomson, Collins, Byron, Burns and lesser models) was cannily aware that nature alone does not make a countryman into an articulate poet. Education, he once said, "would put human life . . . into the dull and obstinate class whence I struggled into light like one struggling from nightmare in his sleep." Once he had established his manner, he was by no means clogged in his time. What marks his metrical variety is its seeming effortlessness; greater poets appear formal and over-deliberate in comparison.

Now is past, is changed agen,
The woods and fields are painted new.
Wild strawberries which both gathered then
None know now where they grew.
The sky's o'ercast.
Wood strawberries faded from wood-sides,
Green leaves have all turned yellow;
No Adelaide walks the wood-rides,
True love has no bed-fellow.
Now is past.

or from *It is the Evening Hour*:

Mary, or sweet spirit of thee,
As the bright sun shines tomorrow,
Thy dark eyes these flowers shall see,
Gathered by me in sorrow,
In the still hour when my mind was free
To walk alone—yet wish I walk'd with thee.

If a poet is to be judged by his best, a half-dozen, at least, of Clare's shorter poems are among the peaks of English lyrical poetry. In spite of its borrowed title and its passages of madness, his long *Child Harold* contains some of the most notable lyrical writing in the language. Even his minor work has an unfailingly living quality because of its extraordinarily close relation to life as Clare experienced it. Has time yet made its amends? Today we have grief for his long years of exile, shame for the dole he received in the servants' halls of the gentry. But it would be disingenuous for unacclaimed young poets today to see their own image in this story. It is not merely that the circumstances would be almost impossible, now, to find. The fact is that the lesson, if any, is a rather uncomfortable one. It may be left for the reader of Clare's disturbing life and remarkable poems to discover.

NAOMI LEWIS

Shorter Reviews

Carlyle: Selected Works. Edited by JULIAN SYMONS. *Hart-Davis.* 27*s.* 6*d.*

Thomas Carlyle is the latest classical author to be represented in the Reynard Library, whose object is to whet the modern reader's appetite for English literature by offering him tempting chunks from the great works of the past in solid but easily digestible slices. The present volume contains 500 pages of *French Revolution, Sartor Resartus, Cromwell, Frederick the Great,* etc.; 200 pages from the Reminiscences of James Carlyle and Jane Welsh Carlyle; and forty-six well-chosen letters from Carlyle's vast correspondence. In a short preface Mr. Symons explains that his selection from the writings is intended to illustrate the swing from Left to Right in Carlyle's political views during the course of his life: he began as a freelance Radical and wound up as a precocious Fascist. But whatever the state of his philosophical ruminations, they invariably boded ill for mankind: he stood out against all the complacent Victorian believers in an age of progress as a prophet of woe.

The Reminiscences of his father and his wife show how well Carlyle could write when his genuine feeling was involved and he was not addressing the public from a pulpit, intoxicated with the sound of his own voice. There the prose is sharper, the grotesque vocabulary is pruned and the real character of the man replaces the self-assertion of the intolerable wind-bag. In his orgy of self-pity over his wife the exposure is almost indecent; but without that revealing evidence one might be tempted to doubt whether Carlyle ever possessed the integrity of a great writer.

R. P.

Shakespeare's Magic Circle. By A. J. EVANS. *Barker.* 15*s.*

For Mr. Evans (as for many other curious investigators before him) "there is no avoiding the conclusion that Shakespeare was an aristocrat—it is self evident." Unfortunately this perception, while it excludes the poor fellow from Stratford, does not take one very far towards determining the true authorship of the plays. Elizabeth's England, like ours, was full of aristocrats, old and new. Any number of them was quite up to the task—for "surely there can never have been in any land an aristocratic clique which possessed such an exalted standard of education and culture as the Elizabethan upper classes." Would it not be reasonable to suppose, indeed, that a whole committee got down to the job? This is not quite Mr. Evans's conclusion. He supposes a prime originating genius in that William Stanley, sixth earl of Derby, who in 1599 was so intriguingly reported as "interested only in penning comedies for the common players." But round Stanley there was a Magic Circle (compare, Mr. Evans says, the group around any modern research professor) and we may believe "that it was by the interplay of wit, knowledge and criticism in this unique circle of brilliant individuals that the plays of Shakespeare were forged. It would account for the vast store of knowledge in the plays, the immense vocabulary, the polish and repolish of the lines."

This notion is very liberal; it allows a fair share of kudos to almost every claimant to poetic glory who has ever been thought up: Bacon, Essex, Rutland, Oxford, Pembroke, Southampton, Montgomery, Robert Cecil, and Mary and Elizabeth Sidney. These were all closely related to one another by marriage; what more likely than that, at house-parties at Wilton and elsewhere, they put the final polish (and repolish) on plays that Derby had run up while travelling round Europe? And the travels are important, since the plays are written by one who visited places, and moved in exalted foreign circles, which Shakespeare of Stratford could not have known. Following up the clues here, Mr. Evans has himself been to Verona, and there Dr. Colafelice has told him of the discovery of a map, dated 1615, which shows that the dramatist had accurate knowledge of the streets and topography of that city when writing *Romeo and Juliet*. Unfortunately "details are . . . not yet available." One looks forward to them.

J. I. M. S.

Molotov. By BERNARD BROMAGE. *Peter Owen.* 21*s.*

Despite his long reign as foreign minister, his great skill as a negotiator, and his enviable ability to survive in the Kremlin hurly-burly, Mr. Molotov is the least interesting of the Soviet leaders. Mr. Bernard Bromage has now compounded Molotov's essentially negative character by writing one of the least rewarding biographies I have read. It is not merely his irritating carelessness (*i.e.*, he refers to the Palais Rose Conference as the "Palais Royal Conference," and the Paris Agreements as the "Defence Pact"), his astonishing ignorance (he fails to mention the significant and widely known fact that Stalin placed Mrs. Molotov under close arrest every time her husband left the country to attend a conference), or even that rare brand of naivety characteristic of *bien pensant* Russophiles (Molotov, he writes, was "the modern *eminence grise*, the power behind the Soviet throne"—this, by the way, when Stalin was still alive!). All these could, perhaps, be forgiven: but not Mr. Bromage's total failure, in 250 yawning pages, to produce a single original thought. Molotov is the dullest of statesmen: but it takes a biographer of Mr. Bromage's calibre to ram the fact home.

P. J.

John Wain's poems, *A Word Carved on a Sill*, are to be published by Routledge at the price of 10*s.* 6*d.*, and not 25*s.* as announced in our Selected List of Spring and Summer Books of April 14.

WATCH YOUR TALK!

A well-known publisher reports there is a simple technique of everyday conversation which can pay you real dividends in both social and professional advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, self-confidence, and greater popularity. The details of this method are described in a fascinating booklet, "Adventures in Conversation," sent free on request.

According to this publisher, many people do not realise how much they could influence others simply by what they say and how they say it. Whether in business, at social functions, or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can make a good impression every time you talk.

To acquaint more readers of this magazine with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in everyday conversation, the publishers have printed full details of their interesting self-training method in a 24-page booklet which will be sent free to anyone who requests it.

The address is: Conversation Studies (Dept. NSN/CS9), Marple, Cheshire. Enclose 2½d. stamp for postage.

The Long Walk *Slavomir Rawicz*

"The best adventure story that I have read for years."

HAROLD NICOLSON (*Observer*)

6th imp. 15s. **Constable**

YOUR PEN CAN PAY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY

Wherever you take your holiday this year, your pen can pay the cost—and more! With paper rationing nearing its end and travel becoming easier, more and more papers and magazines are interested in articles and stories with a holiday flavour. The mind when in fresh surroundings develops an alertness and stores up material which the trained writer can always use.

Let the LSJ show the way. The London School of Journalism has had 35 years of unbroken leadership throughout the world in training by post—with coaching that is entirely individual. It is the quality of this personal coaching that makes the difference between success and failure, the quality that caused "Truth" to say: "The LSJ claims less and achieves more."

If you feel attracted to any form of writing, you should seek the School's advice. The free book "Writing for the Press" makes no extravagant promises but describes moderately the methods of the School and shows how you can enter a field that is open to all. The fees are low—advice is free from

Prospectus Office
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,
57 Gordon Square, LONDON, W.C.1. MUSeum 4574

City Lights

I.C.I. Holds Back

Stock markets turned quiet and irregular at the beginning of this week, though there were strong signs of buying for the new account which covers the dividends of British Petroleum and Burmah Oil. Last week's sharp drop in the Treasury bill rate gave only a slight fillip to the gilt-edged market. The market syndicate, finding that it was losing an uncomfortably large part of the bill offering to outside competitors, decided to raise its bid quite sharply; the authorities, who gave a considerable amount of special help on Monday to save the market from borrowing at the Bank, seem not to have disapproved.

Industrial markets cannot have drawn much encouragement from the Imperial Chemical announcement. The company did extremely well last year—record sales of £411m., trading profits up by one-eighth, and profit margins slightly higher. But the dividend, now covered more than three times by equity earnings, remains at 10 per cent. The decision to be niggardly may have something to do with the latest increase in profits tax (to which the chairman of Rugby Cement has referred this week as a reason for holding back dividends) and the size of the company's capital commitments; the market is concerned that it may be a reflection of government policy and be taken as a precedent.

With markets quiet, the rise in Borax Consolidated has been particularly conspicuous; the shares, which rose steadily on U.S. buying throughout last year, have risen by some £3—a third—in the past month, and the dividend yield is down to 2 per cent. The Treasury has now consented to a scheme under which the London company will become a holding company, holding a majority of shares in a U.S. subsidiary and the capital of a U.K. subsidiary which will run its other operating interests. For shareholders in Borax, the question is how far U.S. investors will turn to the subsidiary.

* * *

The Steel Company of Wales has now announced details of the third stage of its expansion programme. Some £48m.—a large part from internal resources, the rest from the Holding and Realisation Agency—will be spent over the next 2½-4 years, to increase pig-iron, steel and hot-rolled coil output; output of the last, used in the manufacture of both sheet and tinplate, will be increased by nearly 25 per cent.

A recent broker's circular on steel companies, reviewing the prospect for equity earnings in 1958/9, points out that companies with large capital programmes still to fulfil will be at a severe relative disadvantage as a result of capital and depreciation charges. This factor, together with the severe effect on profits of any falling-off in export premiums or capacity working, leads the authors to conclude that there may be little to hope for between now and 1960 in the shares of companies mainly concerned with the heavy side of the industry.

* * *

The current Treasury Bulletin for Industry takes up again the problem of the £300-£350m. balance of payments surplus which is always so urgently needed and never achieved. It points out that existing capital commitments—repayments to E.P.U. and the U.S., projects like the Indian Steel mill and the E.C.G.D. loan to Persia—will probably average £100m. a year between now and 1960, and suggests that net long-term investment abroad should run at about the £200m. figure it reached in 1954. Some further running-down of the sterling balances, too, is likely as the pace of Commonwealth development increases. Against the chance of reaching a surplus of this size, there has to be set the growing bill for current Government commitments—military, colonial grants, interest payments—which has risen from £135m. to £250m. in the past five years.

TAURUS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,366

Set by Queequeg

Tiring of the Davy Crockett myth, we seek a folk-hero of our own. The usual prizes are offered for a ballad, in the style of *Davy Crockett*, on one of the following: Perkin Warbeck; Sir Francis Drake; Captain Bligh; James Boswell; Orton, the Tichborne Claimant; or Dr. Jameson. Not more than four verses and a refrain. Entries by May 15.

Result of No. 1,363

Set by G. W. Stonier

It's a pity that characters from very different novels cannot meet: for example, Raskolnikov and Elizabeth Bennet. The usual prizes are offered for a revealing scene between these two or any other two disparate figures from fiction.

Report

Characters in novels aren't by any means of the same kind. Some never dream of going out of their own ambit (Jane Austen heroine); some might do a bolt (Raskolnikov to America); some, burred with their particular existence, might rub against others differently burred (a Jamesian with a Proustian); some are rovers who might turn up anywhere (Mr. Norris, the Count of Monte Cristo); there are egoists, maniacs, murderees, hermits living in towns, diabolists on the moors, would-be Don Juans. In the minds of those who have read much fiction the goings and comings must be frequent, if surreptitious. A competition starts them all on mad excursions.

Mrs. Proudie reproves Yorick; Ahab is thick with (isn't this right?) Mrs. Gamp; Hornblower blows in on Oblomov, who also arrives in a cart to disturb Emma; M. de Charlus and Count

Company Meeting

DURBAN ROODEPOORT DEEP, LIMITED

The Fifty-ninth Annual Meeting of Shareholders will be held in Johannesburg on 7th May, 1956. The following is an extract from the circulated statement by the Chairman, Mr. N. W. S. LEWIN, dated 30th April, 1956:—

The total profit for the year, before taxation, was £661,690.

DEVELOPMENT: The footage developed during the year was 69,026 feet, a decrease of 14,967 feet compared with the corresponding figure for 1954. The principal reason for this decrease was the completion of the major portion of the haulage and footwall drive programme to improve the transportation of ore, mainly on the 40th level. Of 44,672 feet driven on reef, 37,430 feet were sampled, 42.7 per cent. proving payable at an average value of 8.4 dwt. over a channel width of 45 inches. On the Kimberley Reef the drives traversed lower grade areas during the first nine months of the year. In development on the Main Reef, considerable faulting is still being encountered in the most westerly workings of the mine. The values found in this area have been erratic and below the average for the rest of the mine and consequently less ore was fully developed. The payable ore developed at 1,516,000 tons was lower by 306,000 tons, the value being unchanged at 4.1 dwt. per ton, and the width 1.6 inches less than for 1954.

ORE RESERVE: The available ore reserve recalculated at the year-end totalled 8,326,000 tons or 87,000 tons less than a year earlier. There was a loss of 122,000 tons owing to an upward adjustment of the pay limits dictated by increased working costs. At 4.1 dwt. the average value of the available ore reserve was 0.1 dwt. lower than that at the previous year-end, while the stoping width of 60.4 inches was slightly higher. Despite a decline of 421,000 tons in the payable ore developed on the Kimberley Reef, the ore reserve on this reef was greater by 79,000 tons than in the previous estimate.

A report of the proceedings at the Annual Meeting will be available on request to the London Secretaries—Messrs. A. Moir & Co., 4, London Wall Buildings, E.C.2.

MAY

Snakes and Dragons

IT IS PROBABLE that, before the month of May is out, somebody will have invoked the aid of the police to deal with a snake; for both grass-snakes, which are harmless, and adders, which are not, have shaken off the last lethargies of winter and will sometimes find their way on to the property of people who do not know the difference between them. Although it is doubtless prudent in such cases to summon the forces of law and order, the precaution does not become as well as it might a nation whose patron saint slew a large dragon single-handed. Our native snakes are small and timid. In far-off countries, where there are cobras or anacondas but hardly any constables and no telephones with which to call for their assistance, the simple inhabitants deal with snakes themselves. It hardly seems right that the British should be less self-reliant. There is, moreover, always the risk that the serpent will have made itself scarce before the police arrive. "That's where it *was*, constable", protests Mon Repos, pointing to a sheltered corner of his rockery. "What does he expect me to do now?" thinks the policeman. "Squat on the lawn and play a tune on my whistle?" Aloud he says: "Well I shouldn't let it worry you any more, sir." Next time, with any luck, Mon Repos will try and deviate less sharply from the traditions of St. George.

The Midland Bank hesitates to ascribe this state of affairs to the disappearance of gold coinage with its spirited representation of St. George. But money is still money, whatever its substance, and yours will be safer at the Midland. There's a booklet (free from all branches) to tell you 'How to open an Account'.

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Dracula manoeuvre for points of contact; Kipps gets a job in the Sparkenbroke kitchen; Madame Bovary poisons Mr. Polly—but this, one may feel, is rather hard on both. I wish I had more space for these adventures. Competitors have brought a nicety to bear on the couple mentioned—Raskolnikov and Miss Bennet—and there were half-a-dozen likely ones to pick from; the less adventurous have looked for a formula and found it in the apocryphal wanderings of Sherlock Holmes (discovered at one moment deducing from Mrs. Slipslop and at another with Lady Chatterley in the wood) or Carroll's Alice. I shan't presume to choose between the four best, who seem to me to have done very well indeed.

RASKOLNIKOV AND ELIZABETH BENNET

"Are not you happy in Hertfordshire, Mr. Raskolnikov?" said Elizabeth.

Raskolnikov looked into her beautiful dark eyes. His own shone with feverish brilliance.

"Would you be happy," he said, "if you had killed a miserable pawnbroker?"

Elizabeth turned away to hide a smile. "I hope I am not so deficient in sense and feeling as either to be capable of the attempt, or to remain in spirits when the crime was accomplished," said she. "But they are not within the range of my acquaintance—pawnbrokers are safe from me."

"She was only a louse, a miserable insect," murmured Raskolnikov. "But I was wrong to kill her—and to kill Lizaveta too."

"How easily may a bad habit be formed!" cried Elizabeth; and with this in mind, though she hoped he was not in earnest, she very soon afterwards took leave of him.

GWEN FOYLE

MRS. PROUDIE AND YORICK

"You were fortunate, Mr. Yorick, in living beyond our jurisdiction. The Bishop and I would certainly have *inhibited* that *scandalous* Journey."

"You should consider, Madam, I was fleeing from Death*. There's no Scandal in fearing Him, or confessing it."

"*Confession* is idolatrous and, necessarily, scandalous: and a Protestant Clergyman should have no such fear."

"He cannot choose, if he fears God."

"Did you fear God when you sat with that chambermaid?"

"Devoutly! As sheep draw nearer in a Storm so doth frail humanity before the Wrath of Heaven."

"Immorality defended by Blasphemy!"

"I defend nothing. For the world's opinion I'd not give this rusty cassock ('twould be dear at a crown!). One thing only in my Journey disturbs me—my behaviour with the Monk."

"It was the *only* good deed in the book."

* Note: Yorick's memory is at fault. It was Tristram who travelled with this motive.

H. J. R.

COUNT DRACULA ENTERTAINS CANDIDE

In the great hall of the castle there was a pronounced odour of corruption; Candide therefore decided that his host must be very powerful as well as very rich. A large number of bats ornamented the roof. The curtains were of gossamer texture and decorated with very life-like spiders. On a coffin-shaped table stood a drinking-cup shaped like a skull, filled with wine the colour of blood. A dog with red eyes crouched by the door.

Candide looked at his host's daughters. They returned his gaze with a hungry and yearning expression. He thereupon resolved that as soon as possible he would make their better acquaintance.

The Count rose to his feet. He waved his daughters away. He spread his arms wide. He leapt forward and embraced Candide. For the remainder of the afternoon all was for the worst in the worst of possible castles.

JIM PARROTT

CAPTAIN AHAB AND MRS. GAMP

who has been called in to nurse him

"So man's seconds tick. What things real are there, but imponderable thoughts. Here's now the very dreaded symbol of grim death."

"I says to Mrs. Harris the last Monday evening fortnight as ever dawned upon this Piljian's Projiss of a mortal wale . . ."

"Immortal, Marm, is the White Whale. The white flame but lights the way to the White Fiend."

"Aperiently so. Years and our trials sets marks upon us all . . ."

"Thou seem'st to hold, or truer, perhaps, life holds thee; no, thou it . . ."

"None of us knows what we can do till we tries—living in a wale."

"Thou shouldst go mad . . . The dead, blind wall butts all inquiring heads at last. Art thou not an arrant, all-grasping, intermeddling, monopolising, heathenish old woman . . ."

"I deniges it (*feelingly*). Ah! you'll make a lovely corpse!" E. TIMPERLEY

The Chess Board

No 338. The Grandmaster Touch

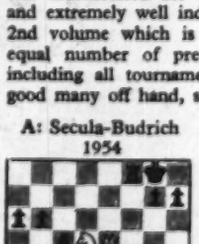
Why is it that we never tire of dipping into collections of choice master-games? It's not so much, I think, a commendable urge for improving our knowledge of opening theory and endgame technique, but rather a desire to enlarge, to elucidate and to embellish the pictures we carry in our minds of the great exponents of the game. That's why chess literature abounds with anthologies, and they are doubly welcome when they tell us something about what sort of person a grandmaster is, apart from whatever variations of the Sicilian and the King's Indian he happens to be favouring. One such useful addition to our shelves

is *Chess and Chessmasters* (*Bell & Sons*, 1955, 12*s*. 6*d*.), a (revised and considerably enlarged) English edition of Stahlberg's *Schack och Schackmästare*. The book contains brief biographical notes on twenty-five of the greatest masters from Lasker and Rubinstein to Geller and Taimanov, as well as a lucid characterisation and a game or two of each of them. Facing such an *embarras de richesse* I might as well pick on the author; for while he was too modest to include himself in his anthology, this omission, I am glad to see, has been made good in the English edition. Editor Golombek has added a very nice piece on Stahlberg, including his brilliant win against Michel in the strong Buenos Aires tournament of 1947 (which Stahlberg won ahead of Najdorf). Here's the start of the decisive combination.

(22)	Q-B4!	Q-K2 (best)	(30)	B-Q3	Q-Kt4
(23)	R-Kt6!!	Kt-R2 (best)	(31)	Q x Q	Kt x Q
(24)	R x RP†	P x R	(32)	R-K1	Kt-B2
(25)	Q x RP	Kt-B3	(33)	Kt-B3	K-Kt2
(26)	Kt-Kt4	Kt-K5 (best)	(34)	B-B4	K-B1
(27)	B x Kt	P-B4	(35)	P-KR4!	K-K2
(28)	Kt-K5	R-B3	(36)	P-Q5	R-R3
(29)	Q-R4	Q-Kt2	(37)	Kt x B ch	R x Kt

Stahlberg took the KP, and Black soon resigned. What would have happened after (22) . . . Kt-R4 or (23) . . . K-Kt1 or (26) . . . K-Kt1 readers should have fun in finding out themselves. No space for it here as I want to mention another important new publication, *J. Gilchrist's* 1st volume of *Emanuel Lasker, Chess Champion* (*K. Whyld*, Nottingham, 12*s*.). From the first 1894 match game against Steinitz to the last in the 1921 Capablanca-match the volume contains 283 games; and though merely mimiographed and unannotated the book is very neatly produced and extremely well indexed. I look forward to the 2nd volume which is to contain an approximately equal number of pre-1894 and post-1921 games, including all tournament and match games, and a good many off hand, simultaneous, and other minor encounters. It will be useful indeed to have so nearly complete a score.

A: Secula-Budrich
1954



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Black played (1) . . . Q x RP. White timidly played (2) P-R3 and finally lost the game. How could he have forced it in his favour? B—White to win—is an instructive study, easy enough for 6 ladder-points, but C—a win too—may be no bargain for 7 points. It is quite a beauty.

B: J. Moravec

C: W. A. Korolkov 1954

Usual prizes. Entries by May 14.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 335. Set April 14

A: (1) . . . Kt-KKt5, (2) B x B?, Kt-Q5! etc.
B: (1) Q-R4 ch, K-Kt3, (2) Q-K8 ch, K-Kt4 (best), (3) Q-Kt5 ch, Q-B4 (forced), (4) P-B4 ch, K x P, (5) R-KB8!, Q x R, (6) Q-K5 ch, K-Kt5, (7) Q-Kt3 ch, K-B4, (8) Q-B3 ch, etc.
C: (1) R-B5 ch, K-R5, (2) R-QR5 ch, K-Kt5, (3) R-KR5, R-Q6, (4) K-B7, R-QB6 ch, (5) K-Kt6!, R-Q6, (6) R-R4 ch!, K-R6, (7) K-B7, R-B6 ch, (8) K-Q8!, R-B7, (9) K-K7, R-K7 ch, (10) K-Q6!, R-Q7 ch, (11) K-B6, R-B7 ch, (12) K-Kt5, R-Kt7 ch, (13) K-R5, R-Q7, (14) R-R3 ch, K-Kt7, (15) R x P!, etc.

Many delighted by B, some stumped by C. Prizes shared by E. Allan, E. W. Carmichael, J. C. Cock, J. R. Harman, C. G. Hilton.

ASSIAG

Market Research Manager

THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO. LTD., *Member of the A.E.I Group of Companies, invites applications for the post of Market Research Manager.*

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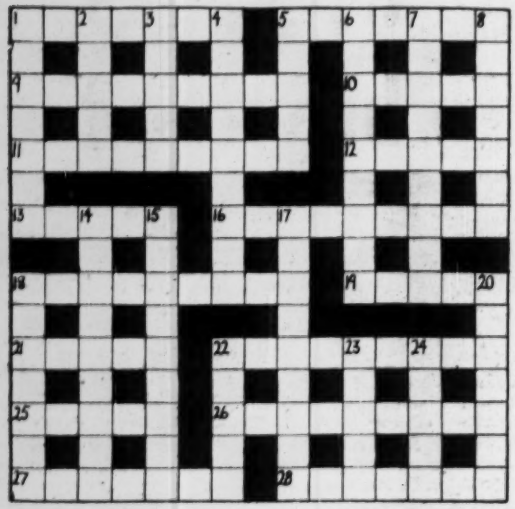
Week-end Crossword No. 197

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 197, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 15.



ACROSS

1. Animal object retreating in the undergrowth (7).
5. In France he is after a hopeless case for a sister's murderer (7).
9. Aircraft hop along where the hedges are (9).
10. With Russian backing I am to be found inside the vessels (5).
11. Excessive measures to perform in love poetry (9).
12. The soldier to specialise (5).
13. The gentleman is horrific in his retrograde prejudice (5).
16. Work with publishers is tiresome (9).
18. Parties for a writer having a tedious person introduced (9).
19. States inside directions for her (5).
21. Fold in a couple at a time (5).
22. Looks around for chances of success (9).
25. Deceive a saint who has lost his father (5).
26. Personality to get the help to cater differently (9).
27. Rulers for engineering officers? (7).
28. Chalets converted into something for school use (7).

DOWN

1. They are often pressed but cannot be ironed (7).
2. Gather universal darkness by the sound of it (5).
3. Slacked, although I had been first (5).
4. Means of making sharp single without cheating? (9).
5. Struggles to utter last words under an anaesthetic (5).
6. Times when no irregular verbs hold me up (9).
7. Sees to the regulation again and studies about the righteous (9).
8. Periods for glosses (7).
14. A beating for me in amateur boxing (9).
15. Popular present has a defiant sound all right to know (9).
17. Former examinations in rural works (9).
18. Symphony for a god (7).
20. "Broad breast, full eye, small head and —— wide" (Shakespeare) (7).
22. Without the additional note these agreements would form a single piece of legislation (5).
23. Queue for a bit of music in part of the theatre (5).
24. Arrest or dismissal (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 195

F	A	N	A	T	I	C	I	S	M	C	H	I	T
E	■	A	■	R	■	U	■	T	■	■	A	■	R
L	O	G	R	O	L	L	E	R	S	■	E	M	M	A
T	■	A	■	U	■	T	■	I	■	■	B	■	N
■	■	■	B	L	U	N	D	E	R	B	U	S	S
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AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Research Scholarships. Applications are invited from post-graduate students with research experience for scholarships in Anthropology and Sociology, Demography, Economics including Economic History and Economic Statistics, Geography, Australian History, Far Eastern History (China and Japan)*, Pacific History, International Relations, Law, Political Science including Public Administration, Philosophy, Political and Social Philosophy, and Statistics including Mathematical Statistics. The scholarships are tenable for an initial period of two years and may be extended for a third year. Scholars will be expected to enrol for a Ph.D. degree, and in most cases to commence their studies in September, 1956. The present value of a scholarship is £A750 per annum. Married scholars with dependent children may be granted additional allowances, and the University will make a contribution not exceeding £stg.115 towards a scholar's fares to Canberra from the United Kingdom, and the same amount towards his return fare. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the undersigned** or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications should be lodged with the undersigned** by May 31, 1956. * A substantial knowledge of the relevant language is a pre-requisite. ** R. A. Hohnen, Registrar, Australian National University, Box 4 G.P.O., Canberra, A.C.T., Australia.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

SOVIET Playwrights and Producers at London Theatre Conference. Also Hamlet in Moscow, etc. Soviet Theatre Information Bulletin, Vol. 3, No. 1, 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.). S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

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YOUNG business couple seek unfurn. or semi-furn. flat in London. Box 4366.

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INTERNATIONAL Labour Office, Geneva. Competition No. 304. Applications are invited for two posts of Translator/Interpreter—Russian language in the Editorial and Official Relations Divisions. Languages: A thorough knowledge of Russian. A good knowledge of English and French. Age: From 23 to 45 years. Education: University degree or equivalent in experience. For further particulars and application form apply, enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope, to the International Labour Office, 38-39 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1. The closing date for the receipt in this Office of completed application form is May 31, 1956.

INTERNATIONAL Labour Office, Geneva. Competition No. 299. Applications are invited for two posts of Russian-language Editor/Translators in the Editorial and Translation Division. Language: A thorough knowledge of Russian. A good knowledge of English and French. Age: From 23 to 45 years. Education: University degree or equivalent in experience. For further particulars and application form apply, enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope, to the International Labour Office, 38-39 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1. The closing date for the receipt in this Office of completed application forms is May 31, 1956.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Part-time or full-time Lay Psychotherapist reqd. for East Quinton School, Seaford, and Red House School, Tadworth, Surrey. Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent; recognised training and/or experience in therapy; membership of Assn. of Child Psychotherapists desirable. Payment: £2 2s. p. 3-hr. session plus travelling expenses. Full-time salary: £915×£25—£1,115 p.a. (men); £815×£20(7)×£10(1)—£965 (women, plus "equal pay" adjustment). If suitably experienced may be appointed above minimum of scale. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Gt. George St., S.W.1, returnable by May 18 (Quote S.776 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

CONTEMPORARY Economic Research. A temporary research post, as Junior Research Officer, is available for one year, at the National Institute of Economic and Social Research. Essential qualifications are: a reasonable degree in economics or economic history and experience in the handling of source material, statistical and other, relating to economic developments in the U.K. Salary within the range £500-£650 p.a. Applications in handwriting, giving full particulars, with names of two referees, should be sent not later than May 18 to the Secretary, 2 Dean Trench St., Smith Square, S.W.1.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Appointment of Child Care Officer. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the full-time post of Child Care Officer on the Staff of the Children's Officer. Salary in accordance with Grade II of the National Joint Council's Scales for Local Authorities' APT. and Clerical Services, i.e., £595×£20—£675. The post offers valuable experience in all aspects of work for children deprived of a normal home life, including Court work, adoptions, preventive work and boarding-out in the City of Leicester and the surrounding County. The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and to medical examination. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20, Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date, May 19, 1956. G. C. Ogden, Town Clerk.

WARDEN required for newly established Community Centre at Kingswinford, South Staffordshire. Duties will include the running of a small centre and neighbourhood work on adjoining estates. Salary on scale £560 to £670 per annum (plus superannuation). Commencing point on scale according to qualifications and exper. Particulars and appl. form from National Council of Social Service, 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham, 15.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DERBYSHIRE Education Committee. Foston Hall Experimental Junior Detention Centre. A Tutor-Organiser is to be appointed to the service of the Derbyshire Education Committee and seconded to Foston Hall where he will be responsible to the Warden for the education of about 15 boys aged fourteen, and for organising evening classes for all boys at the Centre (65, aged fourteen to sixteen). Non-resident. Burnham Scale plus special allowance of £60 plus Evening Institute fees dependent on programme, probably worth about £150 per annum. For particulars apply at once to J. L. Longland, Director of Education, County Educ. Office, S. Mary's Gate, Derby.

ST. JOHN'S Home Training School, Wakefield. Applications are invited for two residential posts in this Approved School for Senior Girls. Applicants should be genuinely interested in the welfare and problems of the adolescent and be prepared to take part in the general running of the school with a special interest in the leisure activities of the girls. Salary according to qualifications. Applications and enquiries to the Headmistress.

MENTAL Deficiency. Applications are invited from trained social workers for appointment as assistant local organiser under the Mental Deficiency Acts in L.C.C. Public Health Department. Duties include visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in their own homes. Social Science qualification, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work and some experience of social work desirable. Inclusive salary £528 (at age 24) to £705. Form of app. from Med. Officer of Health (PH/D.1/766), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by May 23.

KYNASTON School, Finchley Road, N.W.8. Headmaster: T. G. Jones, B.A. New school (810 boys, sixth-form entry) intended to work in close association on a voluntary basis with a voluntary controlled grammar school. Well qualified and experienced master with strong interest in choral singing for post of responsibility for planning teaching of music throughout school (£100 allowance). Application forms EO/TS10 (SR) from Education Officer, EO/TS2, County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a.e. f'scap), and returnable to headmaster at Kemble School, Amberley Road, W.9 (720).

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. Principal: Clifford Ellis. Applications are invited for the post of Principal's Secretary, to begin September 1, 1956. Salary £448 to £580. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Guildhall, Bath.

UNIVERSITY of Durham, King's College and Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Applications are invited for two vacancies for trainee Psychiatric Social Workers in the Department of Psychological Medicine, which consists of a central teaching hospital clinic and a number of associated centres. Candidates should be at least twenty-two years of age and should hold a Degree with a Post-Graduate Diploma in Social Science or a Social Science Certificate. Appointments will be for a period of one year from October 1, 1956. Salary £350 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom three copies of application, which should include the names of two referees, should be submitted not later than May 31, 1956. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

WORKERS' Educational Association: Western District. Organiser required to work in the Bristol area with special responsibility for adult education work among trade unionists. Salary £550-£650 per annum. Further particulars can be obtained from the District Secretary, W.E.A., 7 St. Nicholas Street, Bristol, 1, to whom completed appl. forms shd. be sent by May 22.

BODENHAM Manor Residential School, Nr. Hereford. Vacancies for two Assistant Teachers in above School which is a special Residential School for 30 maladjusted children of both sexes under the Wardenship of W. David Wills. 1. Man with special abilities in craft work. 2. Woman with good junior experience. Both must be fully qualified teachers and experience with retarded children would be an advantage. Salary Burnham Scale plus emoluments in return for extra duties. Apply in first instance to The Secretary to the Managers, 23 Laburnum Road, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

ASSISTANT Warden, resident, required in July for a small family rehabilitation home which opened last January under the control of a voluntary committee. Applicants should have social study qualifications and/or experience, and be interested in and capable of co-operating with a team of workers in a piece of experimental social work. They should also be able to teach simple household skills to mothers resident with their children mainly under five years of age. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary, Crowley House, Middlemore Homes, Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29.

PART-time sales promoter to schools, bookshops, toy shops (lady or gentleman) reqd. by publisher of children's educational materials & games. Car provided in future if successful. Previous exp. unnec. Box 4077.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker (fully qualified) Adult Section, Dept. of Psychiatry, vacant now. Applics. to Chief Psychiatrist, West Middx. Hospital, Isleworth, Middx.

LONDON, N.W.11. Ind., recogn., prog., co-ed., day school (275 children) has vacancies in Sept. for:—(1) Young master or mistress to teach Mathematics and perhaps Physics to A level. Grad. B'nham (Lond.) Govt. sup. (2) Mistress (und. 27) for 6-yr.-old grp. Trng. essent. Pref. Froebel. B'nham (Lond.) Govt. sup. (3) Untrained Nursery Sch. Help, pref. girl about 18; small salary. Apply in writing (no forms), with copies of 2 testis., and names of 2 refs. King Alfred Sch., North End Rd., N.W.11.

FAMILY Service Units is already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Stockport, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London, and is being pressed to extend its intensive work with "problem families" to many other parts of the country. Social caseworkers interested in participating in this development can obtain details of salaries, qualifications, training, etc., from 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

HEAD of Correspondence Section required by well-known magazine publishers. A responsible post for man or woman who must be experienced in controlling and training staff and with a friendly, persuasive epistolary style. Write, stating age, experience and present salary to Box 4309.

RUDOLF Steiner School, Michael Hall. Expd. nurse required immediately for boarding hostel of above school to help w. children when sick & to nurse arthritic lady. Mrs. Sheen, Broadstone, Forest Row, Sx.

FABIAN Bookshop requires Manager. Interesting and varied work at the centre of political affairs. Five-day week, 4 weeks holiday, congenial surroundings. About £400 p.a. Could be the ideal job. Write to the General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1, at once.

SHROPSHIRE. Shotton Hall School, Harmer Hill, for handicapped boys aged 12 to 15 years, requires Teacher for gen. subjects. Good standard in Maths., Games, Crafts, advantage. Burnham Scale. Apply with details to Principal.

ADULT Educ. Centre seeks member of house-team with horticultural experience. Write: Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

MARKET Research: Assistant Fieldwork Organiser. Details. Box 4238.

FEATHERS Clubs Association. Youth club leaders, full time, man and woman required with experience in mixed clubs and junior clubs. Salary £400-£450 each with pension scheme. Some accomm. available. Apply to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., N.W.8.

RESIDENTIAL nurse wtd. for London Jewish old age home. Knowl. German desirable. Please state exp. & qualfs. Box 4227.

INTERNATIONAL Club requires interested person with business and domestic experience for supervision of small canteen and to act as office secretary and bookkeeper. Salary up to £8 including some evening and weekend duty. Write Secretary, 64 George St., Manchester, 1.

JOURNALIST or Short Story Writer of sound experience can find interesting part-time work (at home) as correspondence school instructor. Write, giving full details (in confidence) to Box 4180.

LABORATORY lady assistant required for Manufacturing Chemist in N.W. London to assist in the manufacturing of sterile injectable solutions under supervision. Some laboratory exp. pref. 5-day week. Box 4141.

SHORTHAND-typist with fluent French required for a travel organisation with offices near Baker Street Station. Minimum speeds 120/60. Salary on scale £430 rising to £475 with supplementary bonus payable for language qualifications. Three weeks' holiday, paid overtime, pension scheme, substantial foreign holiday concessions, good working conditions. Applications should state shorthand-typing speeds and give a typed summary of past experience. Box 4251.

JEWISH Organization reqs. expd. shorthand typist/secretary, knowledge of German an advantage. Part-time considered. Box 4363.

CLERK/Shorthand typist required immediately to assist medical staff. Whitley Council Scale Grade A.2. Salary: £219 p.a. age 18 rising to £475 p.a. plus London weighting. Apply Secretary, Marlborough Day Hospital, 38 Marlborough Place, N.W.8.

BRITISH Museum. Shorthand typist. Applications are invited for 2 posts in the British Museum. For forms of application write to Directors Office Establishment Section, British Museum, W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED personal secretary preferably with experience in Embassy urgently required for permanent job. Minimum Scale £12 for five days a week and other generous considerations. Apply Box 4061.

SHORTHAND/typist for Old People's Welfare Dept. £8. 5-day week; 3 weeks' holiday. London Council of Social Service, 7 Bayley Street, W.C.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EDUCATED women are offered posts with short hours as temporary typists and shorthand typists at good rates of pay. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2. and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau. 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

£6-£12. Interesting posts. Call at once. Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke Street, W.1. MAYfair 6626.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. Employment in schools, colleges, institutions, offices of societies, etc. Teachers, secretaries, housekeepers, matrons, caretakers, etc. Posts vacant and wanted. Also Lecture and Concert Agency for clubs, colleges, schools.

ASTER Secretarial Agency, 231 Baker St., N.W.1. Come to us for best permanent/temporary office posts. No fees. WEL. 8774.

ASSISTANT Cook required for St. Julians. Woman with child over 5 years accepted. Will train suitable person. Wages by agreement. St. Julians is flat community with restaurant and child care. Interview London or Kent. Apply in writing: Secretary, St. Julians, Sevenoaks, Kent.

TWO friends as housekeeper & mother's help for professional household. 3 children at French Lycée. Or housekeeper (with full-time daily help). Mrs. Dudley Collard, 9 Lansdowne Crescent, W.11. COV. 3327, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. or PAR. 7179 evgs./wk.-ends.

HELPER, male or female, for small country guest house, Sussex. Historic building fully modernised. Friendly, informal atmosphere. Box 4247.

RELIABLE woman wanted to run small modern house, Surrey, for 2 women farmers. Own cottage avail. Box 4283.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

HONS. grad. Economics, 21, seeks opportunity where hard work and creative thinking will lead to post of interest and responsibility. Public school scholar, market research experience. A.R.C.M. Box 4212.

HIGHLY qualified sec./sh. typ. seeks position temp. or perm. London/country. Box 4219 or PRI. 9865.

LADY (50s) W.8. with typewriter, car, requires part-time work. Able to cope with ordinary correspondence, uncomplicated accounts. Knowledge of shorthand. Box 4187.

GIRL (22), prepossessing, adaptable, qual. teacher, seeks post abroad. Start Sept. Offers? Box 4319.

2 YNG. S. Africans, liberal views, seek intg., unus. employment. Box 4249.

SCHOOLS

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire, offers five 11-plus places for boys of reasonable all-round ability in September, 1956. The School is independent, approved by the Ministry of Education and prepares for the Universities, for professional and country careers. For further particulars write to the Secretary, Abbotsholme School, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

BOARDING School for boys and girls from 4 yrs. Happy surroundings. Recog. as efficient by Min. of Ed. Thanet Hse. Schl., Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

BRIGHTON. Preston Park Kindergarten & Nursery, 175 Preston Road. Children accepted from one year of age for any period. Qualified staff, excellent facilities, planned menus. Open all the year round. Ideal surroundings. Holiday boarders welcome. Applications to the Principal, Mrs. T. Sear.

INDIVID. teaching in group for children of normal intelligence with emotional difficulties. Mrs. Flynn, 12 Lambolle Road, N.W.3.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-educational, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. (Co-ed., day and bdg.) based on Steiner methods, avoiding early specialisation. Nursery ages 3-6. Lower School 6-14. Upper School 14-18. G.C.E. exams. Transport for young children within 5-mile radius.

THE Town & Country Day School, 38-40 Eton Ave., N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educ. for Gen. Cert. of Education & the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

WHITTON Dene House (Twickenham-Isleworth area). Nursery-Infant School (3-8 yrs.). Recog. by Froebel Foundation & Min. of Educ. Open-air life in acre gdn. & orchard. Buses 33 & 203. HOU. 4430.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. *per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.*

WHIT/SUMMER SCHOOLS—cont. from p. 500

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge. Residential Course entitled "A Study of Contemporary Music." An advanced Course for Teachers and other students at Madingley Hall, Cambridge, August 4-11, 1956. Fee for the course, including cost of residence at Madingley Hall, £6 10s. Further informn. may be obtained from Secretary, Board of Extra-Mural Studies, Stuart Hse., Cambridge.

CANFORD Summer School of Music. Aug. 12-26, 1956. This year's courses include: Madrigals and Motets, Violin, Violoncello, Woodwind and Brass, Choral, Three Orchestras, Pianoforte, The Harmonica, Modern Educational Ballet, Folk Dancing, General Musicianship, Recorders, Music for the Listener, School Music. Special Recitals and Lectures by: Charles Groves, Bernard Shore, Evelyn Rothwell, Edric Connor, Ronald Chesney. Prospectus from Org. Secretary, Desk H., 20 Denmark St., W.C.2.

THE Davidson Clinic, Edinburgh (for Analytical Psychotherapy). Summer School, July 26 to August 1 inclusive. Subject: "The Analytic Contribution to Mental Health." A course of Lectures open to all but designed particularly for those interested in the Psycho-dynamic approach in the Social Educational, Medical, Psychiatric and Religious Fields. Guest Speakers: W. Ronald Fairbairn, M.A., M.D., Dipl. Psych.(Bdin.), F.R.S.E.; H. J. Home, B.A.(Oxon). Dr. Winifred Rushforth, Dr. W. P. Kraemer and members of the Clinic Staff will also take part. Full particulars from The Secretary, 58 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh 9.

HOLIDAY Course in the North. The Summer Course "This England" at Holly Royde College, Manchester University, will be held from July 7 to August 4. Alternative groups will study aspects of (a) The British Scene Today, and (b) The Historical Development of English Life. Visits to various industries and localities; study tours of North Wales, Peak District, Lake District, York, Chester. Fees average £8 per week including excursions. Enrolments for whole weeks commencing Saturdays. Particulars from The Warden, Holly Royde College, Manchester, 20.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon: send a card for holidays and weekends list.

LANGUAGE Holidays. On our International House Parties in Britain, in Austria or Switzerland you will have every opportunity to spend an interesting holiday and to combine it with foreign language study. Write for our detailed Language Leaflet: Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 7 to Sept. 14, 1956. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance.

PAINTING Tuition (strictly individual, no classes or groups). Pembrokeshire coast. For the talented and seriously interested. Aug.-Oct. Details: Frederick Könekamp, Codlwyd, nr. Newport, Pembs.

PERSONAL

HOLIDAY with small salary offered for June and July to man or woman willing assist office small hotel Devon. Haston Court Hotel, Chagford.

JOIN party young people going Florence, Rome by car 29.6.56 to 19.7.56. Write 245 Queens Rd., Leicester. Tel. 76781.

ARTIST needing cash selling his 1947 l.h. drive Volkswagen. CUN. 4192.

YNG. German student (f.) reqs. part-time position home-help, live with family; small salary reqd. Box 4350.

ITALIAN boy student, 17, desires accom. as paying guest June 1-July 14, preferably London area with English family having son near his age. Box 4275.

SPIRIT & Society: Whitsun course at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. May 18-222.

A YOUNG woman (B.A. Sociology) convalescing, requires work at home. Own typewriter. Box 4320.

FRANCE, two-months caravan trip leaving June 14. 4th member required share exps. Male, driver. Box 4231.

DANISH lady (expd. children, old people) and daughter, 18, require domestic post together or singly, June to September. Pocket money & keep. MOU. 4734 or Box 4270.

SHORTSIGHTED girl with very strong glasses required to model spectacle frames and improved type of lens, on magazines and comm. TV. Modelling experience unnecessary. Age 18-25. Box 3901.

ITALY, Milan Alps. Lady (32) wants yng. Engl. lady, gd. education, 3 hrs. dly. conversation for 3 months or more. Rm., board, no children, no domestic duties. SWI. 2595.

INDONESIAN student girl, doctor's daughter, seeks cultured English family to stay as a paying guest. Box 4229.

TALL personable Pakistani Muslim, 30, Public Schl., Barrister-at-Law, sks. intng. & remun. appoint. in Gt. Britain or Europe. Write Airmail, Box 503, Eldoret, Kenya.

MAN (45) educated, adaptable, previous exp.: farming, editing, business; investable capital £5,000, sks. intg. work; perhaps financing & advising younger people with worthwhile constructive project. Box 4201.

PERSONAL—continued

ROMAN holiday: comfortable furnished flat sleeping five to let July-August. Write Selsey, 269 Viale della Regina, Rome.

WRITING pays if—! Coach in technique of Staff (Reporting, Sub-editing) and Freelance Journalism trains personal pupils. Box 4030.

ISLE of Wight. Few paying guests welcome country home, large garden overlooking sea in secluded corner. Moderate charges. Good food. No extras. Beauchamp, St. Lawrence. Tel. Niton 422.

PROFESSIONAL lady, 40s, seeks holiday companion (f.). Preferably Norway or Switzerland. 3 weeks June/July. Box 4046.

2 yng. men (left-wing & musical) motoring continent second half Aug. would like 2 others (under 30) to join them sharing exps. for £20-£30 camping holiday. Box 4057.

BACHELOR, 33, seeks companion (m.) for holiday abroad June 16-30. Box 4084.

CHILDREN &/or parents, priv. party, Lake Garda, 40gns. 11 Beauchamp Pl., S.W.3.

RUSSIAN-speaking registered guide avail. conduct tours to Russia. Box 4049.

ADVERTISER who thinks he can write music would like to hear of someone who thinks he/she can write lyrics. Box 3864.

JOURNALIST (25, m.) desires live w. French family, learn lang., Lond. Bkfsts & wkend meals. Move in May. Box 3891.

ACTIVE partner wanted to develop a subsidiary of established business in mid-Bucks. Would appeal to energetic, capable person with initiative and liking for both rural and town life, who is interested in growing plants, their use as flavourings and their preparation on lines new to this country, but established in Europe and America. Some captial required. Box 4000.

I AM being notably successful in helping authors of rejected novels so to revise them as to make them acceptable to publishers. Box 4158.

LITERARY Circle, W.1, no fees; enthusiasts, beginners welcomed. Box 4263.

FRENCH families welcome English girls into their homes in exch. children's care & light housewk. Service International d'Echanges, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

EXCEPTIONAL Riviera studio-house offered Aug.-Nov. for similar accommodation London. Or would rent. Greene, Poste Restante, Beausoleil (A.M.), France.

AUTHOR writing text-book for Germans learning English wd. be grateful for humorous anecdotes illustrating the British way of life. Letters first please. Box 4171.

WANTED to rent, villa near sea, Sicily, mid July-Sept. Box 4214.

LOVELY 22ft caravan. All cons. Select site Cornish Riviera. Much reduced terms May, June, Sept., Oct. HAM. 8707.

WRITE for Profit. Send for interesting free booklet. The Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—the ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1 gn.-5 gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Tel. Wivelsfield Green 232-233.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

ASTLEYS of Jermyn St. (108/111), S.W.1. Briar pipe specialists. Your briar pipe (any make) reconditioned & cleaned with pure alcohol, 3s. plus 9d. postage, any quantity. (Foul pipes are injurious to health.) All repairs, new stems, etc. We purchase Meerschaum pipes. Write for price list.

CONTINENTAL girls sk. domestic posts au pair or full-time. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 143 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

TOBACCO at 2d. oz. from your own plants. Send card for particulars. Home Tobacco Centre, Dunmow, Essex.

TUITION in Mathematics by new method. Any standard. Lowest rates. Box 4130.

OXWICH Bay Children's Camp, August 3½gns. p.w. Children over 11. Particulars, Tony Gibson, 52 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3.

SUMMER holidays for children. Trained supervisor. Sea, country, excursions. Principal, Thanet House School, 18 Callis Court Road, Broadstairs.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

EXCHANGES urgently required for Foreign Students (French, German, Austrian). Also children. Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Road, S.W.7.

PERSONAL—continued

MEDITERRANEAN Coast, nr. Marseilles. Children, 8-16 yrs., accepted, perf. healthy cond., excel. food, tuition opt., exper. staff. Details: Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Road, S.W.7.

DEAR Jean, Francis Glynn's delightful small parties to Italy, etc., including Painting Holidays, are available from 30gns. Brochures: 13 Station Rd., East Grinstead.

WHITSUN Holidays. You are still in time to join one of our Whitsun parties in Britain (Sussex, Surrey, Isle of Wight) or a Whitsun Sunshine party in Italy (Lake Garda and Venice). Details of these and other Spring and Summer holidays from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

PAINTING Holidays, absolute beginners welcomed. Yugoslavia, Italy, Mallorca. Painting in atmosphere of unspoilt beauty and pleasant company. Cost includes expert individual tuition. 1st cl. hotels and travel. 39gns. fully incl. 15 days summer. Brochure, B. Croll, A.R.C.A., London Atelier of Painting, 13 Queens Gdns., W.2. AMB. 0849/4749.

BY Coach & 7 days at resort. Basic prices: 12 days Austria 26gns., Bavaria 29½gns; 14 days Costa Brava or Palma, 38½gns.; 4 days Air/Coach Paris & Versailles 15gns., and for independent holidays apply Robert Whitaker (Travel), Ltd., 12 Mitre St., E.C.3. AVE. 4060.

ITALY: Florence, Pisa, Siena, Rome, 15 days 36gns., dep. July 29 & Aug. 26. Florence & Pisa, 11 days 29gns. Tour of Florence & Venice regions, 15 days 38gns., dep. July 29 & Aug. 12. Partics. (s.a.e. please) from B.T. Association, c/o World University Service, 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Tossa, Torremollinos (Malaga), Portugal (Oct). A 15-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these finest Mediterranean Paradise holiday resorts or to Portugal on specially advantageous terms, thanks to forward contracts. Prices from 44gns. all inclusive of air fares, board and accommodation. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise to Corsica and Majorca for only 65gns., and a France-Spain leisure tour embracing the French Pyrenees, Andorra, Tossa, Barcelona and Montserrat for only 54gns. Elkan Allan, the B.C.C.'s armchair traveller, writes: "I went on a Horizon holiday myself last year. My honest advice is that if you're considering going to any of the places mentioned—and they are all wonderful places—the best plan is to go with Horizon Holidays." See why. Write or 'phone for 52-page lavishly illustrated colour brochure with 5 maps, to Dept. 4V, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

ADDITIONAL accommodation secured for your Summer Holiday (June, July, August and September, Balearic Islands, Pollensa, Paguera, Soller, Palma de Mallorca, Ibiza. Hotels with the best situations, excellent bathing from sandy beaches. 15-day holidays by rail and sea from 35gns. 15-day holidays by air from 47gns. Including transportation by private car to and from hotel. Apply for full details and brochure to See Spain, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), 78, New Oxford Street, W.C.1. Tel. Mus. 9351-2.

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PERSONAL—continued

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ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, Stratford. Mar. 5973. Marlowe's Edward II. Tu.-Fr. 7.45. St. 5.30, 8.30.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.) St. Sn. 5, 8. "Comedy of Errors." Ntly. Tu.-Sun. 10.30 "Late Interlude." Mems.

UNITY. Sartre's "Nekrassov." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.15. Mems. only. EUS. 5391.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until May 6: "Kind Hearts & Coronets" (A). From May 7: Carne's "Le Jour Se Leve" (A). "Thursday's Children" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., May 5. Burt Lancaster, Eva Bartok in The Crimson Pirate (U). Dir. Robert Siodmak. 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. May 6, The Slave (X), Let's Do It Again (A).

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres: Yehudi Menuhin)—Reception to Menuhin, and Concert of North & South Indian Music, on Sat., May 19, at 4-8.30 at French Institute, Queensberry Place, S.W.7 (nr. S. Ken. Station). Music of Persia on Tues., June 5, at 8 p.m. at Royal Empire Soc., W.C.2. For other concerts, Seminars, classes in Asian music and dance, and membership, open to all (10s., Students 2s. 6d.), write to Hon. Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. Tel. FINchley 2934.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Sat., May 5, 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Members 3s., and their guests 5s.

INTERN. Friendship League C.L.B. Dance. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sat., May 5, 7.30-11 p.m. Tkts. 4s.

THE Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1, holds Dances every Sat. and Sun. from 8 p.m., and has foreign language classes every Tues. from 8.15 p.m. Unique continental atmosphere. For partics. write Sec. or please call at Club.

CONCERTS

WIGMORE Hall (WEL. 2141). Fri., May 11, 7.30. Mozart Bicentenary Chamber Music Concert. Raymond Cohen, Joy Hall, William Glock, George Malcolm, Joyce Rathbone.

MOZART in Paris (84th French Concert), Wigmore Hall, Sat., May 12, at 7.30. Works composed by Mozart in Paris (1763 & 1778). Yvonne Loriod, Annik Simon, Raymond Leppard and Wang Quartet. Tickets 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Hall (WEL 2141).

HAMMERKLAVIER Sonata, Op. 106 (Beethoven), and four major Organ works (Bach and Mozart), at unique Keyboard Recital by Terence Gervais. Central Hall, Westminster, Fri., May 11, 7.30. Tkts. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall or 54 Madeley Rd., W.5.

MORLEY College Concerts Society—10th Anniversary Concert, Tuesday, May 15, 8 p.m., St. Pancras Town Hall. Morley College Choir, Leppard Orchestra, conds. Racine Fricker, Raymond Leppard. "Musick's Empire," Fricker (1st perf.), Lark Ascending, Vaughan Williams: Divertimento, Tippett; Magnificat, Monteverdi; Purcell & Holst. Tkts. 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. from Sec., M.C.C.S., Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1/Hall on night.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Christoforou, new paintings, 11 to 6 dly.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Exhibn. of Brazilian Landscape and Garden Designs by Roberto Burle Marx. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat 10-1. Adm. 6d.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Tibetan & Nepalese Art. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Two Masters of Colour—Matthew Smith & Roderick O'Conor.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Sculpture & Paintings by Marino Marini.

TRAFFORD Gallery, 119 Mount St., W.1. GRO 2021. Recent Pntgs. & Drawings: John Ward. Priv. view Tu., May 8, at 3.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Paintings by Alan Lowndes. May 9 to June 2.

POLISH Folk Art. R. W. S. Galleries, 26 Conduit Street, W.1. 10-5 (Thurs., 10-8, Sats. 10-1). Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Jawlensky (1864-1941) 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes June 2.

NICOLAS de Staël 1914-55: a memorial exhibition. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Wk. days 11-6; Suns. 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate E. Stn.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. New York & other paintings. Fred Uhlman. May 8-June 2.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Renoir—50 pair.tings from European Collections. In aid of the Renoir Foundation. Opens May 9. Adm. 3s. Students 1s. 6d. Daily 10-5 30. Sats. 10-12.30.

CRAFT Exhibition. Pottery, Prints, Textiles, etc. Some by Picasso, Léger. For Sale. May 12, 3-8. May 13, 11-7. In aid of "Realism," Journal C.P. Artists' Group. 78 Regent's Park Rd., N.W.1.

MAY Sale of Paintings, Pottery, Tiles, etc., begins May 5. The Hampstead Gallery, 12 Perrins Court, N.W.3.

SLATTER, 30 Old Bond St. Exhbn. Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

GOLDEN Key Exhibition. New Designs in contemporary furniture featuring "Monaco," an original design by David Kossoff. Tea Centre, Piccadilly Circus (facing Plaza Cin.). Daily 10.30 a.m.-8 p.m. incl. Sats. until May 18. Adm. free. Viewing only.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "British and American Industrial Relations—Some Contrasts" will be given by Professor Richard A. Lester (Princeton), at 5 p.m., on May 10, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled "The Theory of Social Nostalgia" will be given by Professor J. K. Galbraith (Harvard) at 5 p.m., on May 14, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1, Tues., May 8, 8.15. Three American Poets, a reading of poetry by Elizabeth Bishop, Howard Nemerov and Richard Wilbur, chosen by W. S. Merwin. Reader: Guy Kingsley Poynter. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Wed., May 9, 8 p.m. Tribute to Fats Waller by Hector Stewart. Personal Choice by Dill Jones. Chair.: Vic Bellerby. Thurs., May 10, 8.15. Discussion: Burle Marx. Speakers: H. F. Clark, H. J. Cole, H. R. Hitchcock, G. A. Jellicoe, P. Johnson-Marshall. Chair.: Maxwell Fry. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

MARRIED Women's Assn. Any Questions on "Background to Divorce," Caxton Hall, on Tuesday, May 8, 7.30. Mrs. Eirene White, M.P., Dr. Doris Odlum, Mrs. Billington-Greig, Dr. Eustace Chesser, Mr. Roy Brooks, Mr. Vincent Long. Chair.: Mr. John Pumphrey.

MUSLIM Committee for Algeria. "Freedom for Algeria." Public Meeting. Speakers include Rev. Donald Soper, Fenner Brockway, M.P., Dr. Mustafa Sibai (Syrian University). Sat., May 5, 3 p.m. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1. Adm. free.

SOCIALIST Party of Gt. Britain. May Day Rally at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, on Sunday, May 6, at 7.30 p.m. "Political Maturity & the Struggle for Socialism." Speakers: R. Coster; W. Read. Questions & Discussion. Adm. free. All welc.

ALL Nations Social Club. "What is Wrong with the Criminal Law?" by C. H. Rolph (of "The New Statesman") Wed., May 9, 8 p.m. at 83 Chiltern St., nr. Baker St. Stn. Questions & Discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

SOVIET Architects Look at Britain, Alabyan, Krasilnikov, Rumyantsev, Shvarikov. Questions & Answers. Wed., May 9, 8 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 Adm. 2s 6d. (S.C.R. and students 2s.)

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Wed., May 9, 6.30: "The Historical Significance of Wesak." Ven. Gunasiri Maha Thera. Read "The Middle Way." 2s. 6d. quarterly. Inf. 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. EUS. 7770. Buddha Jubilee Year 2500 begins 24.5.56.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn. Thurs., 7.30 p.m., May 10 & 17. Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Suns. 5 p.m. at Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10, for mems. & friends, Meditation & Discourse.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sunday, May 6. King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse. J. Allen Skinner, "For a New Theology."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SINGAPORE. Mr. David Marshall (Chief Minister and Leader of the Labour Front) and Mr. A. J. Champion, M.P. (Member of the Parliamentary Delegation to Malaya and Singapore, 1956). Public Meeting on Tuesday, May 15, at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Adm. 1s. Doors open 7 p.m. Tickets from Secretary, B.A.O.S.F., Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

RALLY, Trafalgar Square, Saturday, May 12, at 3 p.m., to protest against vivisection (painful experiments on animals). Chair: Dr. A. D. Belden. Come & swell the throng and protest with us against this injustice.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "Maladjustment & Re-adjustment." Miss Doris L. Rayner. Thurs., May 10, 7.30 p.m. punctually. Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

SHAW Centenary Mtg.: "Shaw & Morris," by Page Arnot. Chair: J. F. Horrabin. City Lit. Institute, May 11, 7.45. Adm. free.

ANGLO-Norse Society, Mon., May 7: "Elevated Housekeeping." Story of an English Pioneer who built his house at the top of a Norwegian Mountain, by his son & daughter-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. Robert Blackburn (Authors of the recent Times article). Flat 3, 59 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. 7 p.m. Refreshments 6 p.m.

"CONDITIONS for African Advancement." Brains Trust. Alliance Hall, Victoria. Fri., May 11, 7 p.m. John Hatch, W. Jackson, Cmdr. Foxe-Pitt & Nigerian journalist. Southern African Students Assoc.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8 Sunday, May 6, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. Pryns Hopkins: "Has Gerald Heard rescinded the 'Perennial Philosophy'?"

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri., May 11, 8.30. Dr. T. N. Dave, "Sri Sankaracarya: His Life & Teachings." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

"ENGLAND in Der Weltwirtschaft." Lect. by Mr. E. F. Schumacher, Economic Adviser, Nat. Coal Board, Tues, May 8, 8 p.m. German Y.M.C.A., 368 Finchley Rd., N.W.3. Adm. free.

ARCHIBALD Robertson, M.A., "Ibsen: 50 years after." May 6, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

YOGA Practice Society. Sunday, May 13, at 3 p.m., talk by Dr. Douglas Latto, M.B., D.Obstet. R.C.O.G., M.R.C.O.G. "Some Observations on Diet and Food Reform," 6 Cadogan Gdns., S.W.3. Colln.

ASPECTS of Yoga. Talks ev. Tues. 8 p.m. May 7: "The Psychology." Chelsea Town Hall, S.W.3. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

WHITE Lotus Day: H. P. Blavatsky—Her Life and Work. Sun., May 6, 8 p.m. All welcome. Free. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Fri., May 4. closed. Fri., May 11. Literary evg.; Mon., May 14, Recital Russian Songs by Oda Slobodskaya.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m., Sat. May 12. German Lecture.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

AT Pendley, June 8-10. "The Writer's Craft": "Writing as a Profession," Miss Emily Hahn; "Writing About Animals," Mrs. Barbara Woodhouse; "A Book's Progress from Writer to Bookshop," Dr. Roger Pilkington; "The Texture of Modern Writing," David Hicks; "Children's Books of the Day Before Yesterday," Margaretta Bennett. Fee £3. June 16-17. "The Countryman in Summer": "Herbs and Herbalries," Miss M. Brownlow, The Herb Farm, Seal; "Bird-Watching," Miss P. Hager; "Flower Decoration for the Town House," Mrs. Macqueen, Constance Spry, Ltd. Fee £1 15s. Applications to Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. Tring 2302.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

"THE Development of the Child in the Cold War Era." Conference, Saturday, May 5, 2.30-6 p.m. Royal Society of Health, 90 Buckingham Palace Rd., S.W.1. Speakers include: R. S. Fisher: "The Impact of War Preparations on the Educational System." Mrs. E. N. Jull: "The Influence of Teaching on the Development of Attitudes." Dr. Otto Shaw, J.P.: "Aggression & Delinquency." Admission free. Organised jointly by Med. Assn. Prevention of War and Teachers for Peace.

SERMON on the Mount—In Our Time. Whitsun Weekend Conference (May 19-21) on farm community in Clee Hills. Details from: "Conference," Wheathill Bruderhof, Bromdon, Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

TRAINING in Educational and Clinical Psychology. Applications are invited from suitably qualified people for a three-term training as psychologists in the field of Child Guidance. Some grants are available. Applicants must be over 25 years and should have an Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent psychological qualifications together with previous experience of responsible work with children. Further particulars obtainable from the Education Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1. Applications to be returned by Wed., May 30, 1956.

ALBERT Schweitzer College, Churwalden, Switzerland (4,000ft). Social, philosophical and religious studies. Mental and physical recreation for older adolescents and adults. Course on Sociology, May 21 to June 9. Summer Courses, two weeks each, July 23 to Sept. 8. Year Course, beginning October 1.

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WHITSUN AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

URCHFONT Manor. Short Residential Courses. Fri., May 18-Thurs., May 24, "Whitsun Nature Study Course." Fri., June 15-Sun., June 17, "English Tradition in Folk Song and Dance." Fri., June 22-Sun., June 24, "Statistics for Everyman." Sat., June 30-Fri., July 6, "Practical Theatre Week." Fri., July 6-Sun., July 8, "Travels in South America." Sat., July 21-Fri., July 27, "Writing for Radio and Television." Sat., Aug. 18-Fri., Aug. 24, "Archæology of Wiltshire." Summer programme from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr. Devizes, Wilts.

FABIAN Summer Schools. August 18-Sept. 1. Brian Abel-Smith, Austen Albu, Arthur Blenkinsop, C. A. R. Crosland, David Eversley, Edward Hyams, Douglas Jay, Hilary Marquand, John Parker, R. S. W. Pollard, C. F. Powell, Barbara Wootton. Details: 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

WHITSUN Conference of the Progressive League, May 18-21, at "The Hallams," nr. Guildford. Programme:—John Wain: "The Novelist and his Public." Mme. Pacqui Langhorne: "The French and the English." O. R. Macgregor: "Marriage, Divorce and the Status of Women." Roy Prideaux: "Youth, Culture and Happiness: can adults help?" Peter Wildeblood: "Homosexuality and the Law." Recreations:—Music and poetry, dancing, country-dancing, walks. Friendly, informal atmosphere. Fees:—Members £4 4s., non-members £4 14s. 6d., Fri. dinner to Sun. tea. Applications to Mrs. S. Bassam, Barnjet, Crawley Down, Sussex.

WHIT SCHOOLS, etc., con'. on page 499

More Classified Adverts. on pp. 496-499

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